



# Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 16, 1973

40 CENTS

## BOOM IN THE BIG TEN

MICHIGAN'S CAMPY RUSSELL



**It's almost a collector's item.  
The Parker 75 Pen in vermeil.**

There is only one vermeil pen in the world—and Parker makes it. Because vermeil is almost unknown in this country and, frankly, because it's quite expensive, we make up only a limited number of these pens each year.

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Vermeil (pronounced VAIrMay), comes into being when gold is wedded to sterling silver, producing a soft, wondrously warm finish. Louis XIV used it freely at his palace at Versailles. The Emperor Napoleon drew together a superb collection which he so treasured that he had it cleaned only with champagne.

The pen you see here in this historic

precious metal is the Parker 75. Virtually everything about it is exceptional.

Instead of a fixed point, we gave the Parker 75 a point that can be turned 360° until it meets the paper precisely, at whatever angle is most comfortable for you.

Then we sculptured the finger area to a tapered trefoil, to provide a firm grip. Your fingers will find a naturally comfortable fit against it, and the pen automatically will be in the best writing position for you every time you pick it up.

By its own weight, the pen provides almost ideal writing pressure. What pressure you add or subtract with your fingers will give your writing its

distinctive style.

You even have a choice of how to fill the pen: by cartridge, which is convenient, or from a bottle, which costs less.

The Parker 75 is guaranteed, of course. If the pen fails to perform due to defects in materials or workmanship, we will repair or replace it—free.

For the person who combines a taste for beauty with a sense of history, the Parker 75 in vermeil presents an almost perfect gift solution. At \$50 it is literally a gift fit for an emperor.

**PARKER**  
World's most wanted pens

The Parker 75 Pen in vermeil is \$50. Also available in 14K gold \$60, \$35: sterling silver, \$25. Matching ball pens, soft tip pens and pencils. You'll find the famous arrow clip on every Parker, from the \$1.98 Junior Ball Pen to the \$150 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.

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If you're in The Wizard's Golden File™—The Wizard's permanent file—when you reserve a car, your rental form can already be printed up and ready to sign when you reach the Avis counter.

What's more, when you turn in your car, The Wizard computes your bill automatically and may find you qualify for a lower rate.

Just as important as what The Wizard can do is what it can't do.

It can't forget a reservation. Or lose one.

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It can't honor stolen credit cards. That's comforting, too. Unless you're trying to use one.

The Wizard of Avis. Now at many Avis counters. Soon almost everywhere.

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Our new ones are all business.

# Avis

*We try  
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Avis rents the dependable Dodge and other fine cars.

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# A CAR SHOULDN'T HAVE DISC BRAKES JUST TO MAKE IT SELL BETTER.

Disc brakes are a hot selling item.

So several manufacturers are beginning to make them standard on their front wheels.

Volvo has power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels. Not to sell you. To stop you.

A Volvo can do 60 mph to zero in four seconds flat.

Disc brakes have been standard with us for years. Because we believe they're more efficient than conventional drum brakes.

They resist fading, even after repeated panic stops.

The law says all cars must have two braking circuits. Volvo did better than that before the law was made. With two *triangular* circuits. Each controls three wheels. So if one circuit fails, you still have about 80% of your braking power.

We also have a device to help prevent your rear wheels from locking in an emergency stop.

Great brakes are one of many features that have long been standard on Volvo.

For some time we've also had firm suspension and radial tires to keep you in touch with the road.

Fuel injection to boost performance without boosting pollution.

A rear window defroster.

Bucket seats with adjustable back supports.

Front and rear ends which absorb the impact of a collision instead of passing it on to the passenger compartment.

Other manufacturers are beginning to "introduce" some of these features, because people are beginning to want them.

We keep putting them all in Volvo, because we think you need them.



**VOLVO**

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Six hundred nine thousand

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## Next week

WIN OR LOSE against the Redskins this week, the Dallas Cowboys seem on their way to the playoffs again. Tex Maule speculates on how far the defending champs will go.

THE LITTLEST KING is Tony Archibald of Kansas City-Omaha, who reigns supreme in the NBA in scoring and assists. A look at pro basketball's newest franchise and its star.

A BIRD? A PLANE? No, it's Jean-Claude Saper-Killy back on the ski slopes, launching a career as a professional racer. William Johnson captures the return of the wealthy prodigal.



**When you're out to build the best riding car you don't skimp on the tires.**

**Mercury is the only medium price car with steel-belted radials standard for 1973.**



Steel-belted radials are the most advanced passenger car tires made. That's why they're standard on every 1973 Marquis and Monterey. Compared with conventional tires, they run cooler, improve handling, give more precise steering and, at highway speeds, provide a smoother ride. Most importantly, tests show that the average driver can expect 40,000 miles of tread wear from these radials under normal driving conditions.



But it takes more than tires to build great riding cars. We've also refined Mercury's suspension system especially for these tires to make the most of their superior ride and handling qualities. The Marquis Brougham (shown) has standard automatic transmission, front power disc brakes, power steering, vinyl roof, power windows, electric clock, and fender skirts. Other features shown are optional.

A large photograph of a dark green Mercury Marquis Brougham parked on a driveway. Behind the car, a family of four (a man, a woman, and two children) are standing together. In the background is a large, two-story white house with a dark roof and several windows. The scene is set in a suburban neighborhood with trees and a lawn.

Built better to ride better.

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Join the Navy and see the world

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**If you think  
California brandy  
only mixes with  
cigars and  
harumphs,**



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you've got  
another drink  
coming:



## Brandy from California

It's nicely traditional to drink brandy like brandy. Warm it, sniff it, sip it slowly.

But in California, people also drink brandy like scotch. Or bourbon. Or even like gin and vodka.

Because California brandy is something special. It's made from pure California wine. So it has a clean, natural taste that mixes with just about anything.

Put California brandy in your next screwdriver (picture). That'll make it a California Driver. Or try it with bitter lemon, or soda, or water. Or with nothing but rocks and a twist.

Mixing brandy may sound sacrilegious. But it tastes divine. And if it offends your sense of tradition, you can always serve it in a snifter.

Brandy from California.  
You've got another drink coming.

California Brandy Advisory Board, San Francisco



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man's cologne

4 FL. OZ.

Imported Otto Compounded in U.S.

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**This Christmas, make a Perseverance Pie.  
It takes a wee dram of Grant's 8.Scotch.  
And Auntie Fiona's recipe. (Send for it.)**

On Christmas day, 1887, after much perseverance, the first drops of Grant's Scotch ran from Major William Grant's new distillery.

It called for a celebration. And that was Auntie Fiona's job.

While all the other Grants were hard at work in the distillery, she had been working on her own masterpiece. A special Christmas pie, unlike anyone in the Highlands had ever tasted. It was a blend of fruits and spices, a surprise of beef, and a wee dram of Scotch, for good measure.

Christmas hasn't changed much in our family. Four generations later, we watch over the

family Scotch—drop by drop—for eight full years. Our distillery is still Grant owned and Grant operated with the kind of dedication Auntie Fiona would be pleased with. And we still celebrate every year with her Christmas pie.

Get to know our family a little better this Christmas. Serve the treat we've named Perseverance Pie, because of everything it stands for. Just write us, William Grant & Sons, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020, and we'll send you the recipe.



**Grant's 8. Scotch: share our family secret.**

Blended Scotch Whisky 95 Proof. © 1972 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers. Bottled in Scotland

# Adam. The brown cigarette. Getting back to natural taste.

Brown makes the difference.  
The special brown wrapper actually  
adds to Adam's natural, mellow flavor.  
Adam. It's a good taste to get back to.

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EXTRA  
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King 20 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av.

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# 1972

## and find your place in the world



The new Navy still gives young men (and women, too!) a chance to see the world. But now there's much more. To those who qualify, the new Navy offers some of the best training in hundreds of jobs in important, interesting fields. From computer technology and electronics to welding and aviation mechanics. The kinds of jobs a man can build a world of his own on—inside the Navy or out.

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# For people who think great stereos only come in pieces.



These are the pieces.

A solid-state FM/AM tuner that can pick up the weakest FM signals without noise, and the strongest ones with virtually no distortion. Thanks to a Field Effect Transistor.

Solid-state IF filters work with AM and FM to eliminate interference. And a unique interstation muting circuit takes care of those funny sound shadows between stations.

Then there's the amplifier.

This one has all-silicon transistors and a 66 watt output (E.I.A. standard).

Mozart and Moby Grape never had it so good.

For your records, the Sony HP-610A

has a Dual professional 4-speed automatic changer, and a Pickering micro-magnetic stereo cartridge. The kind your cousin, the stereo nut, might buy.

The speakers. Well, they're completely airtight, with 8" woofers, 4" mid-range and 2" tweeters. They speak. They don't yell.

Now, You can buy components like these one step at a time.

And that's okay. If you're handy with a screwdriver.

Or you can get all of them under one dust cover.

In case you're just handy with your ears,



## The SONY HP-610A stereo system

© 1972 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Shop-in: 714 P.O. Box, New York, N.Y.

# Energy & America

## Let's face the facts about our energy outlook.

The nation's requirements for energy will about double between now and 1985. In this period, we shall have to rely upon oil, gas, coal, and nuclear power for at least 95% of our needs. If present trends continue, our indigenous resources of these materials will not be developed fast enough to meet our growing requirements.

**NATURAL GAS IS SCARCE.** Shortages already confronting us will increase. Domestic production is projected to decline about 1/3 during the next 15 years. With minor imports of natural and liquefied gas and synthetic gas from naphtha and coal, we may hold gas availability at about its present level. This will be sufficient to satisfy less than half of our potential gas requirements by 1985.

**CRUDE OIL IMPORTS WILL HAVE TO QUADRUPLE.** Domestic production of crude oil is projected to show little net change. To meet rising demand, imports will about quadruple, reaching 10 to 15 million barrels a day in 1985. Even larger imports will be needed if we fail to meet our goals with respect to nuclear power and coal.

**NUCLEAR POWER—WHERE IS IT?** We should launch a major new effort to construct the equivalent of at least 280 nuclear energy plants of 1,000 megawatts each during the next 15 years. Today, we have the equivalent of only ten such size plants in operation and only 46 actually under construction. Progress is being retarded by technical difficulties and environmental restraints.

**COAL—WE PRODUCE NO MORE NOW THAN 50 YEARS AGO.** Production of coal should be approximately doubled during the next 15 years. We have adequate reserves. Limiting factors are the availability of manpower, environmental considerations, and mine health and safety precautions.

**INVESTMENT—WE'LL HAVE TO DOUBLE IT.** Enormous capital inputs will be necessary to provide for our energy requirements. Between now and 1985, the United States energy industries will have to invest between \$400 and \$500 billion in new productive and distribution facilities, an annual average of about \$30 billion, compared to present outlays of about \$16 billion.

**NEAR-TERM SHORTAGES—WE CAN'T ESCAPE THEM.** We may be able to relieve our near-term energy problems through appropriate government and industry action, but there is no realistic probability of a complete escape from them. This is true because of the long lead times—often five to eight years—required for the development of major new energy supplies. The critical "balance wheel" will be the volume of foreign oil imports, this will be the element which will adjust for our failures or successes in other energy areas.



John G. McLean, chairman and chief executive officer of Continental Oil Company, is also chairman of the National Petroleum Council's Committee on U.S. Energy Outlook. The committee's initial appraisal provides the statistical basis for the following. The conclusions are Mr. McLean's.

## What do the facts foreshadow?

We shall become increasingly dependent upon foreign countries, primarily in the Middle East, for a vital portion of our energy supplies. At the present time, we obtain about 26% of our crude oil and 12% of our total energy requirements from foreign sources. By 1985, we will probably draw about 40% to 55% of our oil and 25% to 32% of our total energy from abroad.

## CONCENTRATED DEPENDENCE.

Most of the oil will have to come from the eleven OPEC countries (particularly Saudi Arabia and Iran), which today have 85% of the Free World crude oil reserves outside the United States and

Canada and account for 90% of the oil exports moving into world markets. Dependence upon a small number of distant foreign countries for a vital portion of our energy supplies will be a new fact of life in the history of this nation. We shall need to take a new look at our foreign policies with respect to the Middle East and attach to them a much higher priority than they have thus far been accorded.

We will be vitally dependent upon peace in that troubled area for continuity in oil supplies; our friends in Western Europe and Japan will be in a similar position; and Russia will be the only major world power in the coming decade that will be self-sufficient in energy resources. The diplomatic and national security aspects of this situation demand a great deal more attention than they have yet been given.

**BALANCE OF PAYMENTS PROBLEMS.** Growing oil and gas imports will provoke a large, growing deficit in the U.S. balance of trade in fuels. By the early 1980's, this deficit could be in the \$20 to \$30 billion range, compared to a current deficit of less than \$3 billion. Today, our total exports of goods and services are only about \$86 billion. To pay for our imports of fuel, we will need to seek additional exports of other goods and services.

What will we sell and to whom? We cannot look to the industrialized countries of Western Europe and Japan, because they will be struggling to increase their own net exports to pay for growing fuel imports. Ultimately, the situation can come to equilibrium worldwide only when the oil exporting countries are able to absorb greatly increased imports from us and other oil importing countries. But they do not have the populations, markets, and economic infrastructures to accept large imports from us. This problem will be a critical national issue in the decade ahead.

**NEW FINANCIAL CENTERS.** Our growing purchases of oil and gas, coupled with those of Western Europe and Japan, will create major new centers of financial power. By 1985, the oil-producing countries of Africa and the Middle East could be collecting oil revenues at an annual rate of almost \$50 billion. Most of these countries are not yet ready to use internally new funds of this magnitude. A large portion of the oil tax revenues will thus move into the short- and long-term money markets of the Free World in ways, and with impacts, which are difficult to

predict. One clear possibility is that these countries could become large equity holders in the financial institutions and industrial companies of the United States, Western Europe and Japan.

**ENERGY COSTS ARE BOUND TO RISE.** We have exhausted a large share of our cheapest and most accessible energy materials. New indigenous supplies will come at higher prices. Coal mines will be further underground, oil and gas wells will be drilled to greater depths and in deeper waters offshore, the development of oil shale and other synthetics will require expensive new technology.

At present the composite wellhead or mine-mouth cost of energy produced in the United States is about 35 cents per million BTU's. By 1985, it could easily be 50% to 100% higher.

These increases are significant, but they can be absorbed in our economy without serious disruptive effects. For the past decade, the real cost of energy in the United States has been declining. Today, we spend only about 5% of our national income for fuels. We are in a favorable position *vis-à-vis* the other world powers with respect to basic energy costs and will probably continue to be so even after the increases I have suggested. Our most urgent problem is one of adequacy and continuity of energy supplies—not one of energy costs.

### **What can we do to improve our situation?**

We should take prompt action to establish a single, high-level agency in our government to develop a national energy policy and to coordinate our efforts relating to energy matters. I do not mean that our federal government should play a larger role in the discovery and development of natural resources. This task should be left to private enterprise. The chief mission of the central government agency should be to establish priorities and guidelines and to eliminate delays, conflicts, and confusion.

**WE CAN INCREASE DOMESTIC ENERGY PRODUCTION.** We should take prompt action to stimulate the development of our indigenous energy resources. We have an adequate resources base; our problem is to get new supplies at a faster rate.

We need some practical trade-offs in the ecological area. The production and consumption of energy inevitably involves some ecological impairment. We cannot achieve our environmental goals overnight and still give the U.S. economy all the energy it requires and the public demands. Some pragmatic, graduated approaches to our ecological goals are urgently needed. Here the federal government should take decisive action—and very promptly.

We need to decontrol natural gas prices and to establish that the price of synthetic gas manufactured from coal and naphtha will not be subject to federal restraints. Our present preoccupations with imports of liquefied natural gas from Russia and Algeria are a national absurdity in the face of continued control of indigenous gas prices at much lower levels.

We need to accelerate the leasing of federal lands on reasonable terms for resource development, particularly the Outer Continental Shelf which contains some of our most promising potentials for new oil and gas discoveries.

**WE CAN CONSERVE ENERGY.** We should reduce waste in the consumption of energy. I am not suggesting curtailments which would have a negative impact on the growth of our economy. On the contrary, I believe the consumption of energy should be encouraged because it increases the efficiency of our economy—providing that the energy is used for socially desirable ends.

There are, however, many areas in which we could conserve energy without impairing economic growth. For example, 20% of our energy is used for commercial and residential heating; savings can be made through better insulation. About 25% of our energy is used for transportation; savings can be made through the development of mass transportation and smaller and more efficient automotive engines. Another 25% of our energy is used for the generation of electric power in processes which waste about 70% of the energy input; savings can be made through the development of more efficient conversion systems.

**WE CAN COOPERATE WITH OTHER NATIONS.** Most of the major industrial nations of the Free World will be facing the same energy problems as we do. Clearly, the situation provides opportunities for cooperative research and engineering in the development of new energy sources. And clearly, there is a need for collaboration in the development of a sound framework of political relationships with the countries of the Middle East to promote stability and peace in that area.

### **What about our long-term energy position?**

While our medium-term problems—through about 1985—are acute, our long-term energy position is reasonably sound. Our country is liberally endowed with energy materials. To meet our long-term requirements, we have:

- Potentially recoverable oil reserves sufficient to meet present demands for over 85 years,
- Potentially recoverable gas reserves sufficient to meet present demands for over 50 years,
- Measured and indicated coal reserves, commercially accessible with current mining methods, equivalent to nearly 300 years' supply,
- Uranium reserves sufficient to meet our present total electric power needs for 25 years, and
- Recoverable shale oil reserves sufficient to meet our oil needs, at present demand levels, for about 35 years after our natural oil reserves are exhausted.

Taken in the aggregate, our potential energy resources have an energy content sufficient to meet our needs for at least 200 years, at present consumption rates. Long before the end of that period, advances in technology should bring us new energy sources, such as nuclear fusion and solar power, which will greatly diminish the drain upon our natural energy materials.

It is our medium-term energy outlook that is of serious concern. We can and will solve these problems. But the task will not be easy, and it will require a greater sense of urgency and commitment on the part of both industry and government than presently exists.

  
CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY



*This statement comprises excerpts of an address by Mr. McLean. For full text in booklet form write Continental Oil Company, Dept. SI, High Ridge Park, Stamford, Conn. 06904.*



**THE GRAND PRIX BY SAWYER'S.  
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Catherine Deneuve for Chanel

Perfume from 8.50, Eau de Toilette from 7.50, Cologne from 4.50. Retailers: all Goodies, Liberty & Co.

A man with blonde hair, wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored button-down shirt and tan-colored slacks, stands leaning against a stone wall. He is looking off to the side with a slight smile.

## CHAMPIONSHIP COMFORT. JACK NICKLAUS DOUBLE-KNIT SLACKS.

Vacation in them now, summer in them later. These lightweight 100% polyester double-knit slacks are cool and comfortable and colorful. Jack's slacks have trim lines that move right along with you, and the "snap-back" neatness only double-knits can deliver. They come in a whole gallery of exciting colors, patterns and stripes. Wear them with just a shirt, or pair them with your favorite sport coat. They'll look—and feel—great. If you plan your shots right, you could get them for Christmas.



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**From now on, we'd like you  
to think of IBM office products  
as input and output  
word processing equipment.**

**And there's a good reason why.**

## Most offices are not as productive as they could be.

Today, one big problem facing the office is the rising cost of handling an ever-increasing volume of necessary paperwork.

The average secretary, for example, simply can't get work out faster than the secretary of a generation ago. And yet the cost of the typical one-page business letter has more than doubled, to the point where it's now in the \$4 to \$9 range.

In view of this, we have taken a hard

look at the question of office productivity, what contributes to it and what detracts from it. And we've found that one of the most critical areas is the way people think about their office equipment and how it functions.

### **Introducing a new way of thinking about office productivity.**

When they look around an office, many businessmen view equipment as an individual typewriter here, an individual dictating machine there, a copying machine somewhere else, without thinking of them as part of a total communications system.

But the fact is, they are the compo-

nents of a system we call word processing. In word processing, ideas and words are the starting point and the typed page ready for signature or distribution is the result. And the more consciously office equipment is viewed as a part of a word processing system, the more readily it can be drawn together into an efficient system.

### **Introducing a new terminology.**

With all this in mind, we are putting forth some new terminology that reflects the word processing aspect of office equipment more accurately than words like "dictating equipment" or "typewriter." A terminology which, hopefully, encourages a more comprehensive point of view.





First, there is *input*. Ideas and words in their raw form. Input is recorded on input processing equipment, such as IBM dictating machines or with something as simple as a stenographer's shorthand pad and pencil.

Second, there is *output*. The raw ideas and words put into finished distributable form. This is accomplished by means of output processing equipment, which can be as simple as an IBM typewriter or as sophisticated as the latest IBM magnetic keyboard typewriter and IBM copier.

Third, there is *throughput*. Total productivity, which can be measured in terms of efficiency or cost.

#### Introducing an expanded line of input processing equipment.


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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CRYSMER

## ANTI-CANNONBALL

The heat is on the Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Race (SI, Oct. 23), as its sponsor, Brock Yates, warned. If Al Huber, the executive vice-president of the Indiana Traffic Safety Council, has his way, the event will be made illegal. He has written to the National Safety Council, the New York Safety Council and the Indiana State Police urging that any future race be closely monitored all the way across the country and violators of traffic laws be punished. Huber was particularly disturbed by an *Antinuclear Star* article by Reporter Robin Miller, who finished fifth in this year's race. Miller wrote that he and his co-drivers averaged 79 mph for the cross-country run and picked up five traffic tickets.

"Evidently I'm safety crazy," Huber said, "but something like this seems to set us back 50 years. I see no great benefit coming to the general public from the Indianapolis 500—I don't buy all that about us not having the rearview mirror if it weren't for the 500—but I have no quarrel with sanctioned, supervised speed events."

"But this infuriates me. I wonder what kind of impression it made on our young people. It's damn near criminal to encourage 40 kids to violate safety laws all across the country. To me, it is just a crime spree. Young people must say, 'If they can do it, everyone else can do it too.'"

## LEGAL ACTION

Despite the National Football League's victory in the courts on the question of its right to block out local television coverage of the Super Bowl (SCORECARD, Dec. 4), some TV people are confident that all local blackouts eventually will be outlawed by Congress. One key reason, they argue, is the exciting rise of the Washington Redskins. When the Skins were moping about near the bottom of the standings, Congress did not have much immediate interest in pro-

football. But now that Washington is one of the best—if not the best—teams in the league, Congressmen are avidly seeking tickets to the Skins' home games. When they can't get tickets, which is often the case, they turn to television. And then they find out what the local blackout of home games means. It is suddenly deeply personal, and when a Congressman finds himself personally discomfited the discomfiture becomes an issue. Maybe even a national crisis.

## THE AUSSIES ARE COMING

Evo Australia (it hasn't changed its name) has pledged \$25,000 for next year's Australian Davis Cup team, which means the current U.S. monopoly on the cup may end abruptly. The money is to go to John Newcombe, Mal Anderson and Ken Rosewall, who have agreed to play in the matches, and probably to Rod Laver, if he decides to join the others. Australia's happy Davis Cup captain, Neale Fraser, said, "I am reasonably confident we'll have the cup back in Australia next year." Then, in obvious reference to the (Nasty) Nastase & Co., he blithely inserted an aggressive Aussie note to the proceedings by adding, "I would love to see Rumania here just to show them how to play the game of tennis fairly."

## GOT THE BIKE RIGHT HERE

At least two manufacturers are planning to revolutionize U.S. transportation habits in the near future with the introduction of bike-cars. One, made by a Windsor, Conn. firm called Environmental Tran-Sport Corporation, is called the Pedicar and will sell for \$550 when it goes on the market in January. It looks like a mini-car, with a stately, upright design reminiscent of an old-fashioned electric car. It has four wheels, a plastic body, seats, windows, doors and "extras." It can be propelled by the average driver at speeds of 12 to 15 mph and can climb a 20° grade.

The other, called the PPV (for "peo-

ple powered vehicle"), is manufactured in Sterling Heights, Mich., a suburb of Detroit. The PPV is low-slung, like a sports car, and has three wheels. It, too, will average between 12 and 15 mph, but when pedaled by two occupants simultaneously it is capable of bursts of up to 30 mph. The PPV is expected to sell for \$370.

The bike-cars are for fun and exercise but the manufacturers say they are ideal, too, for quiet, short-distance, no-pollution travel. They think that women on their way to the supermarket will love them.

## HIGH ROLLERS

Football fans in some areas like to chant "Doe-fense" and make special heroes out of front fours and linebackers and safeties. But not in the Western Athletic Conference. The eight teams in that mountain and desert league may have some staggering defensive players, but their individual skills were buried under some staggering scores this season. The list is amazing. Arizona gave up 42 points to UCLA, 34 to Oregon State, 38 to Arizona State. Arizona State gave up 45 to Wyoming, 48 to Utah, 39 to Air Force. Brigham Young University gave up 42 to Utah State, 49 to Arizona State. Colorado State gave up 41 to Iowa State, 41 to West Texas State, 52 to Air Force, 17 to Florida State, 44 to BYU, 48 to Houston and 62 to Utah. New Mexico gave up 41 to Texas Tech, 31 to Iowa State, 59 to Utah, 60 to Arizona State and 33 to Houston. Texas El Paso gave up 42 to Lamar University, 39 to Utah, 56 to New Mexico, 45 to Arizona, 55 to Arizona State and 35 to Colorado State. Utah gave up 45 to Texas Tech, 44 to Iowa State, 59 to Arizona State, 44 to Utah State and 36 to Colorado State. Wyoming gave up 45 to Air Force, 52 to Kansas, 43 to Arizona State, 35 to Utah State and 33 to BYU. That is an average of more than 44 points a game. Intraconference battles produced these close-to-the-vest scores: Wyoming 45-Arizona State 43; Arizona State 59-Utah 48; Utah 62-Colorado State 36. Do you think it could be the altitude?

## EYES OF YOUTH

Two professors at Ohio University have questioned coaches, trainers, veterans and rookies in professional football to determine what the various groups think

continued

the average pro player is like. Their findings are not at all sensational, but they do have one rather interesting disparity. Coaches and trainers agreed that the average pro was determined, ambitious and motivated. Veterans also saw the average player as determined and ambitious but they kind of felt he was conscientious, educated and courteous, too. But the rookies described the average pro as arrogant, demanding, carefree and cantankerous.

Try to take my job, will you, kid?

#### DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY

Jim Martenhoff, who writes a boating column for the *Miami Herald*, got interested in the curvature of the earth recently when he learned it is mathematically possible to measure it in fairly small areas. For instance, the water in the middle of a bay one nautical mile wide is about 2.3 inches higher than the water along the shore. Musing on this, Martenhoff facetiously wrote that since this is a pretty fair grade, he could not

it moves away from you as you approach it. "Hence," he concluded, "my oft-felt suspicion is true. No matter where I want to go, it's uphill, not downhill, all the way."

Undaunted, Martenhoff pondered the problem some more and finally came up with what he suspects may turn out to be one of the great physical mysteries of all time. "If we are always going uphill," he argued, "maybe we are simply aiming in the wrong direction. Why can't we slide downhill stern first? Do you suppose we've had the pointy end of the boat at the wrong end all these centuries?"

#### ELL PUT YOU ON HOLD

Mrs. Ruth Michalecki, a telephone switchboard operator at the University of Nebraska, handled about 1,000 calls before, during and after the Nebraska-Oklahoma game on Thanksgiving Day. These are the ones she remembers best:

One man said, "I want to register a complaint against Bud Wilkinson. He called Nebraska a bunch of opportunists, and I resent such name-calling."

Another man said he wanted to talk to Oklahoma Coach Chuck Fairbanks on the hot line. Told there was no hot line, he said, yes, there was. He was watching on TV and he could see Fairbanks wearing a telephone headset.

A Nebraskan in Atlanta asked if he could listen to the radio broadcast of the game via long distance. He said he liked watching the game on TV but wanted to hear a good old Nebraska boy broadcasting it. Mrs. Michalecki tuned in a radio, put a phone near it and the man listened to most of the second half.

An Oklahoma fan said he had a message for Coach Fairbanks that would win the game. Told it was not possible to reach Fairbanks, he grew angry and said he would hire a helicopter and drop the note to the coach himself.

A man from Oklahoma City said he wanted to tell something to whoever was in charge of the officials. If his message could be delivered, he added, he wanted it done with a bull bat.

A Nebraska fan said urgently that Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney should be told that one of the Oklahoma guards was giving away the plays by the way he moved his foot. He had spotted this on television, the fan said.

Finally, there was a call from a man who said he had given his tickets to

other members of his family and had promised to babysit with his grandchildren. He had gone outside for a moment and was now locked out. The grandchildren were inside and couldn't get out. He was outside and couldn't get in. What should he do?

Mrs. Michalecki noted that her job had become much more lively during Devaney's 11 winning seasons. "Before he came," she said, "about the only calls I had were to have the coach fired."

#### VOTE MOO

The developers who planned to build an auto raceway on a former dairy farm in Washington County, Md. (SPORTSMAN, Oct. 9) are idling their motors and may turn them off. Opposition from local environmentalists was vociferous after the mayor of Hagerstown, Md. sold his family's dairy farm to the developers for \$750,000. Lem E. Kirk, chairman of the Washington County commissioners, who favored the raceway, said, "The opposition was pretty great, so the developers are reluctant about coming in. If you're not wanted, you'll go elsewhere. They have offers from other counties where they will have less opposition." If the proposal is black-flagged, the would-be racetrack may revert to its former status: a group of Baltimoreans want to buy it for use as a kosher dairy farm.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Josh Ashton, New England Patriot running back, on the ferocity of play in a game with the Colts: "One guy took my helmet and yanked it clear across my face. It wasn't accidental. It was Mike Curtis."

• Jack Ramsay, Buffalo Braves coach, when it was suggested his woeful NBA team might be on the same timetable as the Cleveland Cavaliers, who had a 15-67 record two years ago: "We'll jump off that bridge when we come to it."

• The Rev. Graham Spurner, father of San Francisco's Steve Spurner, after the 49ers beat Dallas: "Get down on your knees and pray, son. I watched it on TV and some of the good things that happened to you on that football field were not entirely your doing."

• Greg Pruitt, Oklahoma star, after his teammates had beaten Nebraska while he was on the bench with a bad ankle: "It hurts, knowing that they can do without you. I was always led to believe that I was indispensable."

END



understand why, when he was on the water, he could not aim his boat in the direction he wanted to go and just slide downhill.

Dan Yuhr, a computer expert in the Dade County school system, was amused by the column but could not resist pointing out with tongue in cheek that the reasoning suffered from superficial logic. No matter where you are on the world's oceans, according to Yuhr, the "crest of the hill" has to be passed over before you can begin to go downhill, and



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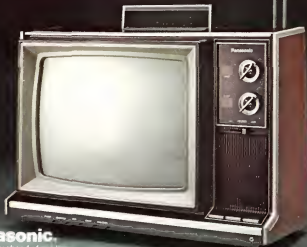
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# UP, UP AND AWAY IN THE BIG TEN

*The conference, down on its luck in the last few years, is coming back fast. Big, oh-so-quick, and well-coached, too, the leaders are challenging a deity that once seemed supreme—football* **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

If anybody still is wondering where Big Ten football disappeared, consider this treasure map here. It says go to the tree on the corner, look under the rock, follow the Converse footprints, turn right at Chicago, say "Boogabooga" three times and enter the gym.

There one can see enough talented muscle to revive the most beleaguered gridiron power. And there last weekend could be found two teams literally bursting with football symbolism and traditions. They happened to be basketball teams. Why, right in Ann Arbor was the Little Brown Jug himself, Joe Johnson, and Michigan's old No. 98—uh, Michigan's young No. 20—Campanella Russell (*see cover*), two sophomores who were doing it bad to Notre Dame. At practically the same time up in Minneapolis, there was the Old Oaken Bucket in the person of grizzled, balding and limp-gaited Clyde Turner combining with the Old Bronko, Ron Behagen, back from suspension and the dead, to get Minnesota out of the box in a hurry.

In a way there was as much significance in the games as there was snow on the campuses. In his long-awaited debut Michigan's splendid Russell scored 18 points before fouling out with 6:04 to play in the Wolverines' 96-87 vic-

tory. Johnson was equally fine—penetrating, fast-breaking for seven baskets and filling a desperate need. In the Twin Cities, meanwhile, the handsome Behagen, having packed up his troubles in an old kit bag, was smiling. He turned in his second excellent game and looked more than ready to become what he should have been all along, the best forward in the land. Behagen scored 21 points with a variety of ambidextrous shots around the hoop while Turner, who looks old beyond his years, contributed 27 as the new-look, run-run Gophers defeated Western Illinois 111-66.

Yes, Big Ten basketball is back, and even the league's football boosters have to face up to what has been obvious for a few years now. In this Midwestern outpost of bountiful pigskin lore, basketball has not only passed football, it is leaving it far behind.

To say Big Ten basketball is back is not really like saying Nixon is back, but it is close. Big Ten basketball has never been away for long. Since the NCAA tournament began in 1939 representatives of the conference have made it to the final four 18 times, only two fewer than the Pacific Eight. Moreover, the Big Ten leads all conferences in NCAA tournament winning percentage

*continued*





*Clyde Turner, leading scorer in Minnesota's easy win, whips the ball high of the basket as Ron Behagen (11) and Greg Glasson cover downcourt*

(.670) over the years—UCLA's brilliant 35-9 record only lifts the Pac Eight to a .667 mark—and has sent the most players (30) to the pro leagues.

Probably the conference's basketball teams have always been overshadowed because of the football horn blowers, and whenever the Big Ten did well in the NCAA the accomplishment was tainted with what seemed like out-of-place heavies who ran all night without regard for life, limb, intelligence or defense. There were exceptions, of course. The Ohio State team of the early 1960s, with Jerry Lucas, John Havlicek and Larry Siegfried, was one of the best ever, but even they won only one of their three chances in the national finals, Cincinnati taking the other two.

Perhaps a marked lack of progress is what bothered people about the Big Ten. While most league schools were promoting head coaches from within and being content with mediocrity, Fred Taylor of Ohio State rolled along during the last decade low-keying it, teaching some defense, recruiting occasional standouts surrounded by nobodies and outcoaching everybody.

"The league has been a big, happy football family," says one man close to the scene. "They don't care about basketball, they hire assistants for the head jobs and then Taylor cleans up."

Last season saw some changes. Better coaching, for one. More and better black players, for another. Minnesota and Indiana brought in name coaches with defensive philosophies; Bill Musselman took the Gophers to the Big Ten championship and Bobby Knight, one of Taylor's former players, guided the Hoosiers to the NIT.

Though Taylor downplays it, his reputation also has become vulnerable within basketball's black community which, rightly or wrongly, claims he sets recruiting quotas. Taylor does not consider that the black athlete has brought about the resurgence of the Big Ten, but other coaches do. Iowa's Dick Schultz says flatly, "Basketball is a black man's game," and the fact remains that out of the 19 top returning scorers in the league, only five are white.

The prophecies holding that this will be the Big Ten's best year in history rest on similar numbers. No less than 78% of the players who started in the conference last winter have returned, as have 39 of the 50 top scorers and 11 of

the 15 finest rebounders. The Big Ten is still big, still bulging with pectorals and eating its porridge. But the league is quick, too. Big, quick and smooth. Rock breaks scissors, cuts paper, wraps rock. Everything.

While Ohio State stumbled on the road last week at Washington despite Allan Hornyak's 25 points, other schools popped up all over to throw down the gauntlet. Iowa has filled its only weak spot with the addition of Carnell (Candy) LaPrance, who with Rick Williams forms one of the best backcourt combinations in the conference and makes the Hawkeyes especially dangerous. Indiana, whose Steve Downing scored 31 points in an easy win over Harvard Saturday, may be, too. But it is between Michigan and Minnesota, and possibly Ohio State, that the race should be run this season.

In Ann Arbor basketball is treated in the same loose manner as student government, where last week the council narrowly defeated a proposal to establish a "student dope co-op." The Wolverines' Johnny Orr, a frank and fun fellow who some rivals claim has trouble leading his team out of the dressing room, reflected on his coaching strategy the other day. "Last year we had one offense—Henry Wilmore," he said during a press conference. "Now we have two offenses—Wilmore and Campy."

But a lack of cohesion and the unmistakable overlapping of styles between Wilmore and Russell may haunt the Wolverines all season. In addition, defensive techniques are guaranteed to be absent. As Notre Dame's Digger Phelps said before the game Saturday, "Orr's idea of D is to beat you 91-89." Which turned out to be nearly on the button.

"We got 63 in the second half," said Orr, smiling. "We must have a pretty good offense." But the offense does not yet take advantage of Russell's speed inside, and Wilmore, who scored 21 points but did not appear to start playing until Campy sat down, does not look like a happy second banana.

The Wolverines' high promise will be put to the test early in Big Ten competition when they open at Ohio State and play five of their first seven games against contenders. If Russell and Wilmore are working with each other by then, Orr will be in line for Coach of the Year.

By that time, too, all the nice folks in



Backsies Hornyak goes against Washington.



*Hoover helps hot Steve Downing is transported while leading a hometown win over Harvard.*



*Gopher Behagen lifts off for a rebound.*

Minnesota unfortunately may still be trying to explain away that night of terror in the Ohio State game last January, even while attempting to squeeze themselves into the 18,000-seat Williams Arena. Musselman—who has the looks of Steve McQueen and the reputation of Charles Manson—and his team have captured the soul of the Twin Cities faster and to a greater degree than the Twins, Vikings, North Stars or Mary Tyler Moore ever did. Each seat is sold out for the main building as well as 500 season tickets in the adjacent hockey rink, where students and citizens swoop in from the blizzards to huddle in blankets and watch the games on closed-circuit TV. "We avoid talking about last year," says one man downtown. "It's like Vietnam—we want to forget it."

Still, "the incident," as the events of last Jan. 25 are referred to around the campus, is destined to stay with the Gophers for a long time. Musselman, Behagen and Corky Taylor, the other suspended player, are properly sober and reflective about the affair, but the humorists are getting in their licks. When it was announced that Minnesota had sold 1,400 tickets in the ice rink for the closed-circuit telecast of the opening game against weak California-Irvine, one guy cracked, "Who says the fight game is dead?" Other ticket buyers have requested "ringside seats" to Minnesota games. And a student group has invented dance steps known as the "Corky shuffle" and the "Behagen stomp."

The team has taken refuge in work, for which Musselman admits to a certain fanatical affection. His mother still labors on the line at the Frito-Lay factory in Wooster, Ohio. "How can I let my mother work harder than I do?" he asks. "If you're not intense in this business, you're not around very long. I must succeed."

This year's goal obviously is to succeed UCLA. The coach mentions the Bruins constantly. A sign, "Conditioning Is a Must to Beat UCLA," is in the locker room. Insiders say not a day goes by when there is not a crisis at basketball practice. One afternoon the heat in Williams Arena was faulty, and Musselman was upset. "Feel the heat. Feel this," he complained to nobody in par-

ticular. "How are we going to beat UCLA with a cold building?"

Musselman bore his burden well late last season, holding on at a time when his wife Chris confesses to "lying on the kitchen floor for three days and wanting to just give up." For the two players involved the experience was worse. Taylor did not eat for two weeks. Behagen, to whom basketball was the only salvation after a checkered career as a youth in the ghettos of New York, at first was lost. Then he started reading law, took up the piano and found love and guidance from a beautiful former stewardess.

"You figure out priorities after something like that," Behagen said last week. "This game was everything for me, but mostly fun. Now I know it's a lot more serious. I know it can be taken away from me at any time. I hope I don't have to start all over, having to prove myself, but maybe I do. I try to avoid talking about the incident. I can't explain it, and I don't want to try."

Musselman has warned the players, indeed his entire team, that they are being watched. In his first team meeting he told them, "Nobody leaves the bench. Hands go straight up on fouls. Nobody questions the referees. Everything is 'Yes, sir,' 'No, sir.'"

"I've done a lot of thinking," says Behagen. "I know Corky and I are going to hear things, harassment and stuff. But I'm ready for it. I've been up against adversity all my life. It's nothing new. It just has to be overcome. It's up to me. I have to watch myself and do well, and then maybe people will forget."

With Jim Brewer, the Big Ten's MVP last season, remaining a tower on defense, and with sophomore Greg Olson and veterans Keith Young and Dave Winfield able to operate at better advantage in Musselman's new wide-open game, the Gophers seem an awesome collection to reckon with in the future.

For now they must continue to weather the bad moments. Such as the other day when a small boy, a visitor to practice and surely unaware of the connotations, laughingly shouted out, "Hey Ron, Ron Behagen, wild man!"

As the words hung there, the tall player could only wince and bow his head. When he slumped away, he must have understood that even as he watches himself and does well, it may take more time before people will forget.

END



## OVERDUE ORRGY FOR THE BRUINS

*Belatedly recovered from a third knee operation, hockey's most commanding player scores seven goals in eight games to lift bedraggled Boston into strong contention. Bobby tells how it is in Orrland* **by MARK MULVOY**

In his 25th-floor luxury apartment in downtown Boston, Bobby Orr is boiling shrimp for lunch, answering the two telephones that keep ringing and talking with a visitor.

What's the telescope on the terrace for?

"I'm not a peeping Bobby, if that's what you mean."

How bad is your left knee, anyway?

"It's as good as any knee that has been operated on three times. I never had any trouble after the first two operations, but then last March—a few days before the start of the playoffs—I got hit in a game in Detroit and the ligaments came undone again. The knee was terribly sore all during the playoffs and kept swelling up. I lived with an ice pack taped to the knee. In June the doctors cut the knee open and tightened up the ligaments. At the same time they cleaned up the insides and smoothed out the rough surfaces around the cartilage area. People keep saying that bone rubs against bone in my knee, that I creak when I walk, but they're all wrong. The doctors tell me there's some lubrication in there that makes the joints slide smoothly."

Bobby Hull has a bad knee but refuses to let the doctors cut it open. Do you regret having your operations?

"If I hadn't let them open the knee, I know I wouldn't be playing today. I played for a long time when the knee

was sore, and it was unbearable. I couldn't play the game the way I wanted. In fact, I could hardly play at all. I had to have the operations. They were my only hope."

This time, though, the knee did not respond the way the doctors expected, did it?

"No. And I worried. Did I worry. Hockey is my life, you know, and you can't survive for long with a bad knee. I wanted to play against the Russians, and I was sure that the knee would be strong enough for me to play at least the games in Moscow. Instead it got worse. I'd skate during Team Canada practices, and then afterward the knee would swell up. One time the doctors even had to drain fluid from it. I called Dr. [Carter] Rowe in Boston and he just told me not to worry about it, that it would get better in time. But I worried. One day in Stockholm the knee locked on me while I was walking down the street, and I almost fell over."

Maybe you should have stayed home and worked out with the Bruins instead of going overseas with Team Canada?

"A lot of people say that, but it's a pile of junk. I worked harder in Sweden and in Russia than I would have in training camp with the Bruins. Besides, Karl Elieff—one of Team Canada's trainers—is one of the best physiotherapists around, and he worked on my knee every day."

Why did you try to play so soon once the season started? Everyone figured you wouldn't play until Christmas, yet there you were in the lineup on Oct. 21.

"I wasn't ready to play. I knew it. The Bruins knew it. The doctors knew it. But I had to see for myself. On the ice I just couldn't do the things I used to do without any effort. Like pivot, for instance. The knee really bothered me. One problem, the doctors said, was my weight. I was carrying eight or 10 extra pounds and..."

You really mean 12 or 15 extra pounds, don't you?

"As I said, I was carrying eight or 10 extra pounds and neither my left leg nor my left knee was strong enough to support the burden. So after three games—most of which were spent at the end of the bench—we all agreed that I should quit for three weeks and concentrate strictly on building up the leg and the knee. We set a definite target date for my return: November 18th against the Islanders in New York."

What did you do, go to your place in Florida and run in the sand?

"Don't I wish. I worked out at least four hours a day for the next three weeks, and not in Florida. In the morning I'd skate for about 90 minutes with the Bruins or the Boston Braves or just by myself. Then I'd ride the exercise bike for five or 10 miles. After that I'd take a whirlpool and get some heat. In the af-



ternoon I'd drive out to Lynnfield and exercise on a mini-gym under the supervision of Gene Berde. He's the physical culturist who got Carl Yastrzemski into fantastic shape the year the Red Sox won the pennant. I watched my diet pretty carefully, too. In those weeks I lost all my excess weight and strengthened the leg and the knee to the point where I felt I could take a regular turn on the ice without any real problem."

Did you go to all the games when the Bruins played at home?

"I'm not a good spectator. Heck, I was so nervous in Moscow I stayed at the hotel and watched the last game on television. Yes, some hotel rooms in Moscow do have television sets. Here, I tried watching our games from beside the bench, but the fans were giving our guys a hard time and I couldn't stand it, so I watched them on television in the dressing room. The fans forget awfully quickly, I tell you."

So you returned on schedule against the Islanders and scored a goal on the first shot you took.

"It was a coincidence, strictly a coincidence."

Late in the first period of that game Jim Mair of the Islanders caught you on the left knee with a good hip check and flipped you into the air. The old Orr—or the young Orr—would have gone around Mair without any problem, wouldn't he?

"Maybe, maybe not. But I'm glad he hit me. Actually, he lifted me up more than he hit me, but he still caught me squarely on the knee. It was a good test, but I got right up—yes, I was a little mad—and skated back into the play."

Have you found that you can't do certain things on the ice anymore? No one has seen you pirouette yet.

"I still can't pivot the way I'd like, but I'm sure that it will come again when I get in top condition. You don't get into shape until you've played a dozen or 15 real games. Right now I'm doing a lot of stupid things—like holding the puck too long and giving it away too easily—because I'm not in top mental and physical condition yet."

Maybe you'll have to restrict certain movements because of your bad knee?

"You're talking about carrying the puck—or maybe not carrying the puck. I didn't carry the puck very often in Montreal the other night—only once, if I remember correctly—and the people all

said that something has to be wrong with Orr. The only thing wrong with me in Montreal was Yvan Cournoyer and Frank Mahovlich and Jacques Lemaire and all those other speedy Canadiens forwards. You don't rush the puck very often against Montreal—you'll get burned. I do think I carried the puck well the next night when we beat Buffalo, though. Another thing. I'm a smarter player now—or at least I think I am—than I used to be. I have found out that you can save a lot of energy by being smart on the ice, by passing the puck more. Why crack through two defensemen yourself when you can pass the puck to a teammate, then sneak around behind the defenseman and get a return pass? Also, why go between a guy and the boards when the odds are that you won't make it? I'm just learning those things."

You don't wrap tape around the blade of your stick anymore. Are you trying

to start a trend? Or do you own a stick company and want kids to start breaking their sticks by the dozen?

"It's funny. I always thought you had to put tape on your stick. Then I found out you don't. So I don't."

Derek Sanderson, John McKenzie, Gerry Cheevers and Teddy Green are all gone to the WHA now. Has the Gas House Gang spirit gone with them?

"No, we're still a crazy bunch, though not as crazy as we used to be."

How many more years will you play? You've put in six years now. Will you be another Gordie Howe and stick around until you're 50?

"I'll play at least three more years because I have three years left on my contract. Then, who knows?"

According to the rumors, Bobby Orr Enterprises wants to buy the Bruins, who are for sale. Do you want to be the game's first player-owner?

"The shump's ready, let's eat." **END**

*In Orr's absence the Bruins fell 14 points behind Montreal. With him they cut that to four.*





**S**urely now the vile precedent is shattered. Tiresome, wretched history has veered off on a bright new course and, at the tender age of 40 seasons, the Pittsburgh Steelers inexorably are headed for their first pro-football championship. You sane folks outside of Western Pennsylvania may argue with that conjecture, even more vehemently than did the Cleveland Browns last Sunday at Three Rivers Stadium before they were methodically sentenced and destroyed 30-0, but your opposition includes the certain NFL Rookie of the Year, a defense that has improved from dead last to deadly and some of the most wild-eyed, fanatic, adrenaline-charged zealots ever witnessed outside a burning tent meeting. With a style that has been their gleeful custom in this, The Year of Glory at Long Last, each of these elements played a critical part in the Steelers' lopsided rout of the Browns—a result that demands conclusion before explanation.

First of all, with a 9-3 record now, the Steelers are in first place, a solid game ahead of Cleveland in the Central Divi-

## BLACK AND GOLD SOUL WITH ITALIAN LEGS

*Behind the running of Franco Harris, a multicultural rookie back, Pittsburgh takes over first place in the AFC Central Division*

by RON REID

sion of the AFC. With two games left that they ought to win—against Houston and San Diego—the Steelers should be the division champion and therefore the home team for the playoff game of Dec. 23—against Oakland, a team they have already beaten. If Pittsburgh repeats its earlier victory over the Raiders, then the Steelers would also be the home team for the AFC championship—and they are unbeaten in Three Rivers Stadium. Would you believe the Pittsburgh Steelers in the Super Bowl?

The Steelers' petful NFL history belies the notion that they could qualify for any sort of competition more testing than a regional Punt, Pass and Kick

final. Of their 39 previous seasons, 26 have been losers and five others leveled off at .500. But that sordid story belongs in the lamentable past, before Coach Chuck Noll, a soft-spoken ex-Brown with a talent for gourmet cooking, wound up with the biggest plum out of the last NFL player draft.

That would be Franco Harris, a 6' 2", 230-pound running back whose duties at Penn State often consisted of blocking for his All-America teammate, Lydell Mitchell, who is now doing idle time with the Baltimore Colts. It also has been suggested that Harris did not overly exert himself in college, but that may have been simply a rumor perpetrated

*Harris slashes through the Browns' line for 11 yards and his second touchdown of the game.*

by the Steelers to ensure his availability when they finally got around to their first draft choice, No. 13 in the entire league.

Harris did not establish himself in the starting lineup until the sixth game of the season, but he has run wild since then. Against the Browns, he scored two touchdowns and carried for 102 yards on 20 carries. That was the sixth consecutive game in which Harris has exceeded 100 yards, which ties Jim Brown's record for such work. Harris is now but 40 yards short of a 1,000-yard season, and 145 behind the rookie rushing record that Green Bay's John Brockington set a year ago.

"I had the confidence and I knew I had the ability," Harris said two days before the Cleveland showdown, "but I wondered how long it would take before it all came out. What really surprised me is that I adjusted so soon. In the NFL there's a style you have to learn. Seeing how Larry Brown runs has really helped me. When there's a little opening, he flies through the hole and he can run over people and he knows when to put it on. Concentrating on that has helped me, and it's coming more natural now."

Says Noll: "We were looking for someone with size, speed and the ability to catch the ball, and Franco had all that, but the thing you're never sure of is the emotional makeup—and that's what's done it for him. He wants to excel. He wants to be the best there is."

Harris is the third in a family of nine children—Daniella, Mario, Franco, Maria, Alvaro, Luana, Piero, Giuseppe and Michele. His father is Cid Harris, a black soldier who brought an Italian war badge home from World War II. This helps to explain why Harris' most vocal supporters are "Franco's Italian Army," an exuberant ethnic group bedecked with khaki-colored helmet liners who wave Italian flags as they imitate their wine and cheese. The Army was mobilized this season after Harris ran over the face mask of a Cincinnati defender and several black waiters in the stadium's Allegheny Club yelled, "Thata way, Soul Brother, get it on!"

Rocky LoCascio, a stadium security guard, replied, "He may be a Soul Brother

er but his legs are Italian." Then "Generalissimo" Tony Stagno, who runs one of Pittsburgh's biggest Italian bakeries, got the idea snowballing when he had several women make Italian flags for the rooting section. But the Army is only one segment of the madness prevailing in Three Rivers. Kicker Roy Gerela is idolized by "Gerela's Gorillas," who have shown a penchant for psyching other placekickers into the kind of wide shot that the Browns' Don Cockroft suffered Sunday. There is also a loose-knit group of Slovaks yelling "Dobro Šťastka!" for Linebacker Jack Ham. Dobro Šťastka: the great Ham.

Along with Harris, an improved Steeler pass defense has played the most significant role in the team's rise. A year ago the Steeler pass defense ranked 26th in the NFL after allowing its opposition more first downs, more completions and more net yards than any other team in the league. Pittsburgh intercepted only 17 passes all year as its rivals gained more than 65% of their total offense by passing. "But this year," says Noll, "our defense has given the offense its opportunity." The Steelers lead the AFC in turnovers with 24 interceptions and 16 fumble recoveries.

Against the Browns, they intercepted Mike Phipps once, tackled him four times for 32 yards in losses and recovered a pair of fumbles by Linebacker Andy Russell—all of which gave Pittsburgh its first shutout victory since 1963. Phipps, whose wife Carole was expecting a baby at any moment, labored through a day as grim as his effigy, which hung near the scoreboard. He completed but nine of 20 passes for 59 yards, as the Browns never crossed the 50-yard line after the first quarter, when Cockroft missed a 37-yarder.

As decisive, however, as the defeat was for Cleveland, the Browns' chances of making the playoffs remain very real. Their record is now 8-4, and their two closest contenders for the wild-card vacancy, Cincinnati and the New York Jets (both 7-5), are precisely the two teams left on the Cleveland schedule. The Browns must play both of these games on the road, though. And if they should make it to the playoffs they will face the additional hardship of then having to meet Miami in the Orange Bowl in the opening round.

The Browns upset Pittsburgh 26-24 when they met a couple of weeks ago in

Cleveland, and last Sunday's game did not become a rout until the second half. The Steelers opened the scoring with a Gerela field goal in the first quarter—and then only because Russell recovered a fumble by Cleveland's Bo Scott. Harris scored his first touchdown in the second quarter, bulging over from a yard out after a 57-yard drive, but that meant it was still only 10-0 at the half, and as much as Franco's Italian Army kept cheering for him to run up another 100-yard game, the wild crowd kept a wary eye out for a Cleveland comeback. "Dee-fense, dee-fense!" the fans kept chanting, in their best, and most misplaced, basketball fashion.

Harris pretty much settled things in the third quarter when he slashed 11 yards for his second touchdown—and 10th of the season—to put the Steelers up 17-0, and he was later rewarded with a standing ovation when he reached 100 yards. Pittsburgh poured it on in the last quarter, Gerela booting two long field goals for his gorillas, and Quarterback Terry Bradshaw throwing a 78-yard touchdown pass to Tight End John McMahon.

In the whole game, Bradshaw only passed 17 times, while the Steeler runners rushed on 43 plays. Bradshaw not only has Harris to hand off to, but also Frenchy Fuqua, who has accumulated 364 yards so far this season himself. "I never thought I'd like playing for a running team, but I really do," Bradshaw says. "I didn't have a very good understanding of the running game since I'd been a passing quarterback all through college and my two seasons here, but with Franco and Frenchy to set up the pass, I have more time to throw."

And, more to the point, after all the bleak years the fans at last have more occasion to cheer. "These people have just been too much. They have been a definite factor in our success," says Linebacker Russell. "It will be that much more disappointing if we don't make it after finally coming so close."

In fact, almost everybody in Pittsburgh is talking about the team now. Last Thursday night at Buddies, one of the better watering holes and body shops in the city, a blonde young thing began to rave on about the beloved Steelers. "And that Irishman, Frank O'Harris," she cooed. "I just love him."

By any name, it's a sweeter season in Pittsburgh.

END

# CITIUS, ALTIUS, OPULENTIUS

And richer these ex-Olympians—and others—certainly will be if former volleyball All-America and demon promoter Mike O'Hara succeeds in turning his dream of a pro-track circuit into reality *by JOE JARES*



**M**ike O'Hara's athletic specialty used to be leaping high and spiking a volleyball nearly straight down at 100 mph or more, and some of the bulls he buried in the California sand 10 years ago still haven't been dug up. He spiked hard enough and often enough to make the U.S. Olympic team in 1964, make All-America seven straight years and get elected to the Volleyball Hall of Fame. Today, 40 years old and still skinny as a javelin, he is the founder and controlling stockholder of the International Track Association (ITA), a new set of initials in the crowded world of professional sports. And in going from volleyball star to track-and-field czar he made some interesting steps along the way.

This latest pro-track venture—none before has cleared even the first hurdle in this country—was revealed last month in New York, although ITA headquarters are in Los Angeles. O'Hara made sure to have some big names on hand, including four world-record holders—Jim Ryan, male, 880; Lee Evans, 400 meters; Pole Vaulter Bob Seagren; and Shotputter Randy Matson—plus Richmond Flowers, a former top college hurdler who now plays safety for the New York Giants. Australian Distance Runner Tony Benson also has signed up. Ex-Villanova Miler Marty Liquori, who was a color man for the ABC telecasts from Munich, will be the master of ceremonies at ITA meets while continuing to run as an amateur.

Later ITA announced more converts: Miler Tom Von Ruden, two-miler Gerry Lindgren, Sprinter Warren Edmondson, 1968 Olympic 100-meter champion Jim Hines (who has been cut by three pro football teams), Long Jumper Henry Hines (no relation) and—the ultimate test of Liquori's announcing skills—Sprinter Jean-Louis Ravelomanantsoa from Madagascar. He is the biggest mouthful since UCLA had a high jumper named Nagalingam Etheverasingam.

The basic plan is this. ITA will stage from 32 to 48 meets, starting in the U.S. and Canada this spring at the tail end of the amateur indoor circuit and moving to Europe this summer. As now

scheduled, the first pro meets will be March 23 in Albuquerque and March 24 in Los Angeles. One of the last of the season in the U.S. will be at Madison Square Garden on June 6. At each one there will be about 50 athletes competing in 12 events—60-yard dash, 440, 880, mile, two mile, 60-yard hurdles, pole vault, shotput, high jump, long jump and two women's dashes—plus "special events," perhaps a shotputters' dash or a match race between Elke Semmer and Raquel Welch. ITA will pay all travel expenses for its contract competitors and guarantee minimum prize money for each event of \$500 for first, \$250 for second, \$100 for third, \$50 for fourth.

Does a pro-track circuit have a prayer for survival? Villanova Coach Jim Elliott wished it well but was pessimistic. "It has two chances, slim and none," he said. "They are adventurous people trying to do the impossible," said USC's Vern Wolfe, who later talked with O'Hara and became a member of his

advisory board. "We have a difficult time making amateur track go with a relatively low cost factor, so how can professional track pay athletes, the expense of renting a facility, the equipment and the officials?" asked UCLA Coach Jim Bush. Other observers say the same guys will win all the time and here even the stopwatch-clutching track nuts who eat statistics for breakfast; or that the fans will be tired of indoor track by the time the pros get out of the blocks in March, or that only the top dogs will make money.

O'Hara, who on the surface at least seems perfectly sane, has sunk more than \$100,000 of his own money into ITA and insists he expects to get it back with interest, despite the frightening fact that the average break-even point for a pro meet will be \$40,000.

"We want to make track and field the primary sport in the world; it was there once," he said. "We want to make money for ourselves and for the ath-

*continued*



**CHECKING IN** Behind O'Hara are (from left, front row) Jim Hines, Henry Hines, Edmondson, Ravelomanantsoa, Ryan, Seagren, Von Ruden. At right, Seagren and Ryan work out.

letes and do something for the sport, and I'd bet heavily that we'll do that."

O'Hara has good reason to believe in himself and ignore scoffers. In the past six years he has become a specialist in packaging professional sports; not just teams or games or matches or tournaments, mind you, but whole leagues. In 1967 he was in on the founding of the American Basketball Association as an initial planner and co-owner of the Kentucky Colonels; he sold his share of the Colonels to become a co-owner and general manager of the Dallas Chaparrals, and finally he bowed out of the league profitably. The ABA is in its sixth season. O'Hara was also a founder of the World Hockey Association. He and a partner paid \$25,000 for the San Francisco franchise, then six months later sold it to a Quebec group for \$215,000.

"We have good momentum," says O'Hara. "This is our chance to benefit from our dues-paying in professional sports. We've had a single and a triple and we hope this one will be a home run." (They should also hope for a few dandy track-and-field analogies so they can stop publicizing baseball.)

O'Hara has been working on the pro-track project secretly for more than two years. He first discussed it with beach-volleyball crony Rink Bahka, who sounds more like a Slavic dessert than what he is, a behemoth discus thrower, silver medalist at Rome in 1960 and the first man to skim the discus farther than 200 feet. They tossed ideas back and forth, then O'Hara started his research, which was interrupted by the WHA launching and piles of work at his management-consultant firm in West Los Angeles. On another detour, O'Hara tried to interest Jack Kramer in helping him run a pro-tennis tour a year before Lamar Hunt started World Championship of Tennis, but Kramer was too busy to be interested. All the while O'Hara was quietly poking around in track and field and asking almost everyone he came in touch with to sign a standard business nondisclosure form.

He was so successful that when it came time to approach the athletes, they had never heard of him, his projects or his volleyball exploits. He went after Liquori to run for ITA, but Liquori, doing graduate work in broadcasting at the University of Florida, talked himself into

the announcing job instead. Matson, who admitted not having much motivation since the 1968 Olympics, was impressed with O'Hara's "businesslike approach" and was sold at their first meeting. He will continue to work for the Texas A&M alumni association while putting the shot on weekends.

O'Hara carefully stayed away from the Olympic team members until after their events were finished. Because he was not ready to reveal his project, he could not whip out a complete or even partial list of meets already scheduled. He had, however, been in contact with 103 of the largest arenas in Western Europe and North America, and facts about these, the dates they could be available, promoters who had the experience to act as front men and myriad other data were all recorded in something called the PERT Chart—standing for Programming, Education, Review and Technique. There was a lot more hard business and groundwork than mystery in the chart that O'Hara—half the time sounding like a business-school professor, the other half like a football coach—called his game plan.

O'Hara had one other handy tool, his checkbook, and he was not at all loath to show that to prospective pros. Seagren had been trying to forge an acting career in Hollywood without much success—pole-vaulting appearances kept interrupting—and was sick of being jumped on by the AAU for appearing in ads. Ryun, struggling along with his allergies and frustrations, had only \$200 in his checking account when he left Kansas for the Olympic Trials, and now his wife Ann is expecting their second child soon. "My first thought was, 'Where do I sign?'" says Ryun.

That has been the reaction of almost every U.S. athlete once O'Hara gets past the first part of his sales pitch. One of his few failures was Kipchoge Keino, the outstanding Kenyan runner whom he chased to Nairobi after the Olympics, and even that is not an assured failure. O'Hara arrived back in the U.S. with a tape recording of Keino that said, how-ever vaguely, that he might be joining up early next year.

The enthusiasm carries over to ex-athletes like Bahka, 36, who as one of the financial backers of ITA is dragging out his old spikes and fondling them. Since

the discus is strictly an outdoor event, Bahka never competed indoors, but the competitive aspects of the tour have him excited anyway.

"I wish it was 1965 or '66 or even '68," he said wistfully. "I'd take up the shot!"

Finding investors was a cinch, said O'Hara, but putting together the management team ("the best group ever assembled to start a sports venture") took all his selling ability, which is considerable. The first man he went after was ex-decathlon champion Rafer Johnson, now a telephone-company executive in Bakersfield, Calif. They met at a sports program for retarded children at UCLA and O'Hara broached his ideas soon after. From there it was "about a four-month tag match before Rafer finally decided the cause was just," says O'Hara.

Johnson is chairman of the advisory committee and now has a financial interest in ITA. Max Muhleman, who negotiated WHA's TV contracts, will head ITA properties. Morris Chalfen, founder of *Holiday on Ice*, knows the ins and outs of every arena on both sides of the Atlantic, according to O'Hara. Perhaps most important, since ITA wants its shows to be well-paced and full of pizzazz, he has enlisted four experts on running meets, Stanford Coach Payton Jordan, Bert Nelson, publisher of *Track & Field News*, Wolfe of USC and Jim Terwill of Amherst.

The majority of the meets will be held indoors, where the spectators can plainly see who elbows whom in the turns and who splintered three hurdles to win that first-place check. The four are working to get rid of the cluttered infield that plagues most track meets, making them sometimes look like the floor of the New York Stock Exchange just before the crash. The San Francisco Examiner Games, for example, are often worked—the term is used loosely—by about 70 officials, many of whom stick around long after their event is over. By using the kind of sophisticated electronic timing and measuring equipment that worked well in Munich, Jordan and Nelson think they can reduce the officials to six, including a starter. And the athletes warming up for upcoming events will be asked whenever possible to do so somewhere else, out of sight. After all, Renata Tebaldi doesn't come out on the Metropolitan Opera stage and

*continued*

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warm up her tomahs during one of Joan Sutherland's arias, right?

The old three-ring-circus idea is out. With the possible exception of the two-mile, there will be only one event going on at a time. "We won't be like the Penn Relays with two hours of mile relays," said Liquori.

Jordan, Nelson and the athletes themselves have a load of other innovations in mind. ITA will offer the services of a fashion consultant for uniforms, but if a Dr. Delano Merweather wants to sprint in bathing suit and suspenders, that's all right, too (though ITA does reserve a veto over costumes, just in case). Hey, why not a light that would whiz around the track in world-record time during a race, similar to greyhound racing's artificial rabbit? Right on. Or a mark to appear on the scoreboard almost the instant the shot lands? Have it, too. Or a decathlon to be run two events per meet for five weekends, or a self-replicating crossbar for the pole vault? Hallelujah, brother! Nelson talks excitedly about a proposed series of traffic lights that will tell the athletes when to stop and go. A yellow light at the pole-vault pit and Seagren will get ready at the top of the runway, then start moving when the green blinks on. Should he attempt a vault at the time the red light appears, he would lose his turn.

If a television contract materializes—and O'Hara has had very few serious talks with the networks so far—the athletes are so anxious to please that they'll try just about anything once. Especially Seagren, who says he once made a series of 16-foot vaults while wearing a battery pack taped around his chest and a sky diver's camera-helmet.

The most important innovation of all, of course, is the money. M.C. Liquori will be handing out after each event. O'Hara is confident the ITA will be able to emulate tennis and set up some sort of Grand Prix point system that will bring fat checks at season's end. Sponsors of meets will also boost the prize money. O'Hara says that ITA could find the financial backing to hold out for 10 years if necessary. There are many who believe it will have to, and there are many who fear ITA will irreparably damage amateur clubs and the Olympics.

"I'll be there to see it," says former San Jose State Coach Bud Winter, "but

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Sensibly priced at \$349.95, the SX-727 is one of Pioneer's new line of four "margin of extra value" receivers. The others are SX-826, SX-626 and SX-525, designed for both more luxurious and more modest budgets.

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it will be a sad night for those of us who still believe in amateur sports."

Kansas Coach Bob Timmons, longtime friend and mentor of Jim Ryan, disagrees. "It's strange how you hear so many people say they are disturbed about the idea of pro track but think nothing of professionalism in other sports. This probably can be traced to the Olympic idea of amateurism and the fact that track more than any other sport has come to be associated with the Olympics. But I can see nothing wrong at all with pro track. The track man should have his chance for equal rewards."

Surprisingly, before stepping down as AAU president Jack Kelly was not frothing at the mouth over the impending loss of Olympic-caliber track stars.

"I would hope that if they showed financial stability, nothing would happen to compare with what happened between the United States Lawn Tennis Association and Lamar Hunt's group," said Kelly. "They've really been at it. I feel tennis has become a big-time sport because of the pro players. Therefore, the response and participation on an amateur level has increased tremendously."

"Maybe pro track can do the same thing for track that Lamar Hunt's group is doing for tennis. If they do show such success, I for one would like to work with them instead of fighting them."

As badly as he wants ITA to succeed, O'Hara has decided, for the time being at least, to avoid as much as possible competing with the amateurs, although he admits ITA will be a "minor irritant at first." This is the reason he scheduled his meet to begin after the amateur circuit; why he announced that ITA will not sign athletes away from colleges; and why he did not approach Ryan, Seagren and others until after their Olympic events.

Still, the hint of bitterness to come popped up in Munich. O'Hara, aided by Liquori, was outlining his plans at a luncheon sponsored by *Track & Field News*. At that time he already had signed Seagren and Matson. A man in the audience yelled out, "Let's keep track and field pure and forget about turning the sport into another Roller Derby!"

"You may think Roller Derby is a joke," shot back the new czar, "but a lot of people attend their competitions and many of those skaters make a lot of money."

continued



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"This is an idea whose time has come," said Bert Nelson, acting as peacemaker. "I think we should give it a chance."

If it is to have a chance, O'Hara will have to be a strong leader in his position of owner/ czar. He needs some superlative rules from his biggest drawing card, Ryun, and, given Ryun's history of self-doubt, allergies and bad luck in the last couple of years, that might not be easy. Ex-Kansas male star Wes Santee remembers well the kind of race ITA can't afford to have.

There was a barely promoted exhibition race in Lawrence, Kans., in August as a kind of tune-up for Ryun. He was running against George Young and Canada's Grant McLaren in a two-mile. The twilight race drew about 3,500 people at \$1 apiece.

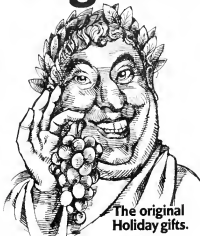
"If Ryun had put out," said Santee, "if he hadn't fooled around and quit competing after a couple of laps, he and the other two could have toured around the country and drawn crowds everywhere. . . . To succeed, professional track will have to have the big names, but it will also have to have competition in every race."

Just in case the pot of gold at the end of the races is not enough incentive for Ryun and the others, or an athlete disappoints for any reason, O'Hara has retained the right to replace anybody who does not run, jump, throw or behave up to "ITA standards," whatever they turn out to be. Underneath his winning salesman's manner, he seems tough enough to wield the ax.

O'Hara is a tenacious competitor who hates to lose in business even more than in paddle tennis at his beach club. Recently he was chatting with some of the current volleyball stars when the subject of a beach tournament came up. It seems that on a Sunday evening when it was getting dark, cold and foggy at Santa Cruz and the finalists were exhausted from a long weekend of diving and leaping in the sand, they agreed to flip a coin to decide the winner and then go home. O'Hara listened and became visibly disgusted. He obviously despised the idea that athletes would not keep playing until they cramped up into human beach balls. He walked away, saying, "That's a bad story. Please don't ever tell it again."

END

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# IN A HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

Nirvana is the mailbox as the dedicated C.F. (Catalog Freak; Model T2; Gussets in Checkbook Pocket; color Envy Green only; avb. L.L. Bean, Herter's, et seq.) declares open season **by J. D. REED**

I am a Catalog Freak. With the help of God I will not grab an order blank and checkbook today. For, on long winter evenings, when the grouse hunter has cleaned his shotgun for the last time and gourmets sit reading crayfish recipes to each other in French from *Larousse Gastronomique*, I love to heave myself back in a reclining easy chair with a stack of sports catalogs and dream, perchance to order.

My story is not unusual, judging from the confessions I've heard, but retelling it here may offer some insight into the perilous and psychotic world of the Catalog Freak (hereafter referred to simply as "C.F."). Every sportsman is aware of catalogs: his local shop is out of a certain brand of dry fly, or he gets on one of those sucker mailing lists—"A Special Offer Just For You: Uncle Bob's Fish Smeller, With 5' Cord, Only \$16.95!"—or he goes to the Sears order desk for a new inflatable station wagon. The catalogs that matter are not as easily found and are never, never, inflicted on you. They have to be sought. You might go on for years without running across the magic world of the C.F.

My own enlightenment came about in 1967. I was sitting in Gallagher's Steak House in New York, pulling on an overpriced cigar and waiting for my lunch partner, a literary critic. When he arrived I thought it was Sir Edmund Hillary. There was a commotion as he made his way toward me; well-dressed brokers rose from their chairs in anger, turning florid and bullish, waiters brandished heavy plates menacingly. He sat down, threw a leg up on the table and hissed mysteriously. "Eddie Bauer!" He was wearing the thickest pair of Malone Pants in the world. And that was the least of it. He pointed to his sweater and whispered, "Hand Knit Icelandic, L.L. Bean." His boots, "Herter's Mountain Man's Hiking, Walking and Climbing." It was probably the first pair of Vibram lug soles ever to trod the boards of Gallagher's. He had topped off the

outfit with a German rucksack of the '30s, mildewed and bruised, its name branded across the leather flap—Russerhauserstein—or something equally suggestive. Just before we got the bum's rush, I realized that I never again could wear a good three-button blazer. I had to get my hands on beautiful things like the ones he was wearing. Mind you, this was some time before you saw young men headed to the office in water buffalo boots and suede bush jackets with designer initials on the belt. Back in 1967 my friend simply looked like a mad Scandinavian ornithologist who had pursued a songbird out of Central Park. But he opened up a new world to me: L.L. Bean, Inc. (Freeport, Maine), Eddie Bauer (Expedition Outfitter), Norm Thompson (Escape From The Ordinary), Herter's (Tenacious For Quality).

Equipment freaking is a well-established, rampant form of American leisure. The C.F. may deride the young man in a new pickup, equipped with Wowie mud flaps and enough running lights to satisfy international maritime regulations; or consider with disgust the Tool Pervert who peeps at a new set of

socket wrenches half a day in the hardware store; or look with repugnance on the Power Attachment Cretin, searching like Job for an ice-cream maker to affix to the power takeoff of his snowblower, but their diseases are almost the same as his. I once mentioned this to a contractor in a local tavern. His eyes lit up, and he hauled me to the back of his latest model Sportswagon to unpack a brand new Milwaukee  $\frac{1}{2}$ " drill. Cosmoline still on the bits. There were kegs of fresh nails in there, unused chain saws, extension cords still in their blister packs. Smooth, white shovel handles and clean aprons. New. New. New.

The first requirement for becoming an E.F., and consequently a C.F., is: *it must be new*. There are used-equipment freaks, of course. Moms and Dads who drive a hundred miles in their Sunliner to auctions, from whence they return with worry wagon tongues and rotting horse collars to place on the lawn by the iron duck; but the sports equipment freak is obsessed with virginity. When the C.F.'s first catalog order arrives, he tears open the box, removes the plastic, unfolds it, sets it up, tries it on. He is

continued





very near to Eden, a pre-F-read, pre-Pill world where everything is so innocent it squeaks. The C.F. catches his own glance in the mirror and thinks: "This stuff has never been touched!" And the C.F. may even keep it that way. A friend of mine, a journeyman C.F., once ordered a matched set of Tycoon Fin-Nor saltwater reels because he could not resist the mahogany presentation case they came in. He still has them in their box at home, pristine. For what he calls "the harsh reality of angling," he uses a reel he bought in the back of a barbershop in White Cloud, Mich., and a rod from a drugstore rack. The C.F. is never as interested in using equipment as he is in owning it. His is an unexplainable sort of Quartermaster Corps complex.

The C.F. is the kind of person who hates libraries because someone else may have read the books before him. He finds it an offensive notion to recycle paper. He cannot scribble grocery lists on the backs of used envelopes when there is a fresh note pad at hand. If only there could be a transplant of an unused heart. . . .

The C.F.'s main attraction to catalog shopping is that he never has to see the



equipment and clothing in the tawdry reality of a store. There they are, beautiful color photos of marvelously described items right in your hands. Everything is between you, your checkbook and an 8c stamp. You do not have to get in the car, drive to some Saturday-morning shopping center massacre, park, get out and hobble into a sporting goods store full of whiffle balls, children's life preservers and epoxy stench. Stores are full of inferior equipment and people. What the C.F. really wants is to be alone with all that stuff. He would like to have the janitor's position in Abercrombie & Fitch, riding the elevator all night, each floor his separate stock room. The merchandising of even the finest emporiums does not approach the C.F.'s high standards. The store has two or three models of everything. When the C.F. opens a catalog, he is told that the firm has "shopped the world" and now is simply offering the best damn plastic jerry can that exists. In a store the folding hunter's knife he wants is always in a case with a lot of cheaper blades. For \$2.50 less, he is told, he can have the same knife except it does not have a chrome swivel loop. To hell with it. The C.F. never compromises.

The C.F.'s hatred of other people and tawdry merchandise leads him into strange paths. I know a master C.F. who has reached a state of catalog Nirvana. He claims he never has to leave his house anymore. One of his favorite mail-order places has begun stocking freeze-dried camper meals. He found he

can order water from the Maryland Gourmet catalog. He displays a Buddha-like confidence in his new role of hermit, an attitude no store-bought mouthwash or deodorant could ever give him. Though completely dependent on the U.S. Postal Service, he sees the world with new eyes.

The second requirement of the C.F. is that each item ordered must have a new doohickey on it. If there is not an improvement, he does not want it. But a new flap or strap or solid state ignition excites his overtaxed heart and he reaches for the phone and the special 24-hour number of his favorite catalog house.

The C.F. becomes *immune* to certain criticism. A friend who has not been initiated into the mysterious rites of catalog freaking will say, "But you could have picked up those snowshoes down at Hudson's for \$6.19 less." The C.F. makes a great show of concern, wagging his head and clucking, but in his heart he could not care less. His body and soul belong in Portland, Seattle, Freeport, Wasco, Livingston. Also, the C.F. knows that in the long run he will spend no more than the store shopper, because he rarely gets burned with bad merchandise, and if he does, the respectable catalog houses will take care of him promptly, efficiently and without his having to face some dour servant of the Returns Department. His waders do not melt at 75°, his wool shirt never comes apart like a tear-away jersey. The catalogs save the C.F. money because







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# How to get the for your money.

Buying stereo can be confusing.

One friend says you have to spend a mint. Another tells you about a "special" bargain on a foreign-made set. And overly enthusiastic salesmen might just confuse you with all kinds of technical specs.

Well, fact is you do have to know a little bit about stereo to make sure you're getting the most music for your money. But you don't have to be an engineer. Or even a buff. Just an intelligent shopper armed with a few basic facts.

So here they are.



## Start with the Receiver

A good music system starts with a good stereo receiver. (A stereo receiver is a combination of a stereo amplifier and AM/FM/FM stereo tuner.) So that's a logical place to begin your buying.

But picking the right receiver is no picnic. Because receivers by themselves don't do a thing you can see or hear. They just receive tiny sound impulses from a record, tape, or radio station, magnify them millions of times, with as little distortion as possible, and drive the speakers with the magnified impulse.

All of which means that two of the most important things to look for in receivers are how much distortion takes place and how much power there is to drive the speakers.

Distortion ratings (called T.H.D.) are simple. The lower the number the better. For example, Sylvania receivers CR2742 and CR2743 both have a rating of 0.5% at full power output,

which is considered good.

Power is a bit more complicated. There are several kinds of ratings. But the one that counts is the "continuous" or RMS rating. Here the higher the number, the more power you have to drive speakers. A receiver like the Sylvania CR2742, with a continuous power rating of 25 watts per channel, can easily drive four big speakers. If you want an even larger system, with speakers all over the house, the Sylvania CR2743 can handle them with a continuous power rating of 50 watts per channel. If you can't get a continuous power rating, be suspicious!

The next things to check are the features. A good stereo receiver should have solid-state circuitry. Field Effect Transistors (FET's), and ceramic filters. We won't go into their technical functions here, but be sure to look for them while buying. Quality receivers will have them.

Your receiver should also have a full-function jack panel (like the one on the back of the Sylvania CR2743 shown below) that allows you to add extra speakers, tape decks, headphones, or other equipment. And make sure there's built-in capability to adapt the new quadraphonic sound systems in case you want to expand in that direction.

Every Sylvania receiver, for example, has built-in Phase Q4 matrix four-channel circuitry to enhance ordinary two-channel stereo. This gives the effect of four-channel sound. In addition, you can get true (discrete) four-channel sound simply by adding our special new DMQ2784W quadraphonic converter. (And of course in both cases you need two extra speakers.)

Finally, check the price. As a guide, the Sylvania CR2742 gives you 50 watts total continuous and all the rest for \$199.95.\* The CR2743 gives you all that and 100 watts total continuous for \$279.95.\* So no matter what brand you choose, make sure you get just as much for just as little.



# most music

## Onward to the Speakers

The technical stuff's out of the way. Now comes the fun part.

The only way to buy speakers is to listen to them. Compare the different sounds from the different sizes. Ask the salesman about "air" or "acoustic" suspension speakers. In general, they deliver the most satisfying speaker sound.

Make the salesman work a little. Switch back and forth between the big, medium, and small speakers. Play it by ear. The ones that sound best to you are the ones to buy.

Just keep your eyes out for a few things while your ears are busy. Make sure the receiver driving the speakers you're hearing is the same as the one you're buying. Otherwise you won't be getting the same sound once you get the speakers home and hooked up to your receiver.



And remember, the word "speaker" refers to two things. It means the individual speakers... woofers, tweeter, etc. But it also refers to the whole speaker cabinet, which generally contains more than one individual speaker. Be sure to look out how many speakers there are in any speaker cabinet. Two, a woofer for low notes and a tweeter for high ones, is a minimum. Bigger speakers, like the Sylvania AS125A, will have at least three: a woofer, a dome mid-range, and a dome tweeter.

Prices range from \$149.95 for the big Sylvania AS125A with three speakers to a cabinet, down to \$59.95 a pair for the Sylvania AS1706W with two speakers each. But above all else, pick the speakers that sound best to you.

## Now It's the Turntable's Turn

There are a few manufacturers who specialize in making turntable mechanisms. It's their thing, and their product is definitely superior.

The only trick to buying a turntable, then, is to make sure that you get one whose guts come from one of these specialists.

Any and no manufacturer should be more than happy to tell you



who made his turntable mechanism. For example, Dual (one of the big names) made the changer in Sylvania's T2705 Automatic Turntable. Garrard (that's another big one) made the changer in our model T2703.

Ask for magnetic cartridges on your turntable. They're more sophisticated and pick up sound impulses better than ceramic cartridges. Both Sylvania turntables have them.



Things like cue/pause control (which allows you to gently raise and lower the tone arm to any band you choose) and anti-skate control (which equalizes pressure on both walls of a record groove to give less sound distortion) are usually standard on quality turntables like a Sylvania.

Price guidelines are \$139.95 for the T2705 and \$79.95 for the T2703.

## E-x-p-a-n-d-i-n-g

Adding tape facilities is a simple way to expand your basic stereo system.

You can add a Cassette Play/Record Tape Deck like the Sylvania CT160 to play pre-recorded cassette tapes over your speaker system. Or you can record your own in two-channel stereo.

Or, you can go the 8-track route, with a Playback Deck like the Sylvania ET2750W. That way you can use car stereo tapes at home, and vice versa.



## Good Luck!

By now you're a lot smarter about stereo. You know basically what to look for. And you've got some guidelines on what to pay.

So now it's time to go out shopping. Look around. Compare. Get the most music for your money.

And even if you don't pick a Sylvania, enjoy your stereo!

(Based on current prices as reported last price.)

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King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, 100 ms. 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '72.

he is never tempted to order a cheaper item. It isn't there. The C.F. is likely to register surprise when someone tells him that there is a lack of craftsmanship in equipment these days. He hasn't heard of it.

The final earmark of the C.F., and the way to spot him if you are still unsure, is his need to be different. This does not mean that he will show up for a chukar hunt wearing an orange Day-glo tuxedo, it just means that he relishes a certain "apartness." On a range full of shooting jackets at the skeet club, for instance, his will stand out. A perfect Harris Tweed. No one will know where he got it, maybe no one will care, except the C.F. himself. The other club members bought their jackets at one of two local stores, easily identifiable, but the C.F.'s jacket will have a leather bellows pocket, or a suede button, or a flask pocket that the others don't have. It is this small, elegant difference that keeps him going—and ordering.

When I first began buying from catalogs, I would order complete "nux-in-mach" outfits from one firm, and then walk around all day as if someone had taped a sign to my forehead that read "Bean," or "Bauer," or "Thompson." This is disastrous. First, it is a giveaway and second the C.F. must mix his catalog purchases to appear more casual. Also, he never, never wears all new things. Like a bride there must be something old, not for good luck, but to show a sense of class. It is all right to show up at streamsides in \$1,000 worth of new equipment and squeaking clothes, but the C.F. must add something startlingly out of place, like a rusty fish stringer or a splunking helmet with head lamp attached. Here are two typical situations with the C.F.'s outfit: Dinner-at-the-Club: Bean's Loafer Jacket, Thompson's "Nottingham Cloth" Shirt with Scottish Houndstooth Check Tie, Bauer K-5 Trail Boots in chocolate brown suede and a pair of patched, starched green work pants from an industrial uniform supply company. Cocktails-in-Sun-Valley: Bauer's Cavalry Twill Western pants in "Officer's Pink," Thompson's "Fisherman's Knit" sweater, cabin boots, Bean's Leather Carryall Bag and a rum-drinking sheepdog.

I once saw a C.F. standing in the Long Island Rail Road station at Great Neck wearing jodhpurs, a chaotic cloth shirt, water buffalo Wellingtons and a

continued

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#### **CATALOGUE** *continued*

grouse helmet. He carried a million-dollar duffel bag, with little LV's all over it, and a stained two-dollar rod sack. This was some time after the popular explosion in sports clothes, and I suppose his fellow passengers took him for just another psychiatrist on his way to the office. Personally, I wondered where he was going to fly-fish on Long Island. To the true C.F., however, this was an irrelevant question. That he was there was enough.

The C.F. shops by photo and description. This is more rewarding than it might sound to bargain-hunting, feel-and-see types. We have all been in those new "family" restaurants that grow up beside shopping centers, where a menu entry reads, "Chopped flank of Western steer beef grilled to perfection over hard oak charcoal, topped with a generous slab of aged Vermont Cheddar, served on toasted sourdough roll with a slice of red beefsteak tomato and sautéed Continental potatoes." Sports catalogs rarely go this far, to make American history out of a cheeseburger, but each has its own style and its own signature. Descriptions of merchandise will run from canny-woodcock to let's-not-let-the-greenhorns-in-on-this-one. All of them titillate the imagination of the C.F.

Consider a bush jacket. Any self-respecting C.F. needs a bush jacket. It has lots of pockets, buttons, straps and belts. Also, it is practical. There is a slight military flair to it: "Soldier of Fortune Lashes River for Mighty Trout" reads the headline in the C.F.'s fantasy. The three main sports-clothing catalogs have very different approaches to the bush jacket. In price they range from \$25 to \$29.95, not a great difference, and the C.F. will not be swayed by price anyway; it is the description that will sell him.

L.L. Bean calls its offering "The Kenya Cloth Jacket," a blend of Dacron polyester and viscose rayon. "Kenya" is fine outdoor-type talk. "It was in Kenya last year, Bob"—that sort of thing. Bean is modest in its description of the jacket, appealing to classic attitudes:

The Kenya Cloth Jacket is tailored in traditional bushcoat style. Pleated back for arm and shoulder freedom, full removable belt and four roomy pockets. Shirt style collar and sleeve cuffs and epaulettes on shoulders.

*continued*



# Share a Treasure with Someone.


Give Ballantine's Scotch, all wrapped up like the treasure it is. For 12 friends (or one very close friend) consider a case.

**Be a Ballantine's Loyalist**



*Holiday thought: The more they treasure Scotch,  
the more they'll appreciate Ballantine's.*

IMPORTED BY BALLANTINE'S BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY, NEW YORK. IMPORTED BY 21 SPANCO, INC., N.Y.



## Carpet Of Antron® Transforms Look Of Pittsburgh Airport

*Unique Soil-Hiding Fiber Is  
Anticipated To Trim Upkeep  
By 40% Over Hard Floors*

PITTSBURGH—The goal of reducing floor maintenance costs has transformed the appearance of the Greater Pittsburgh International Airport, with its heavy flow of passengers and pushcarts.

Hard-surface floors throughout the terminal are now attractively covered by carpet with pile of Antron® nylon, a Du Pont fiber.

The choice of "Antron" was based on the exceptional wearing qualities and soil-hiding ability of the fiber. Its unique, hollow-core structure refracts light in a way that helps conceal the appearance of soil. Spots tend to blend into the overall color and texture of the carpet.

As a result, airport officials forecast a 40% saving in upkeep compared to the previous cost of hard-floor care.

They see improved safety, quiet, and long-term aesthetics as further advantages of the carpeting.

Applying the same advantages to your business means specifying carpet of "Antron". Information available from Du Pont, Centre Rd. Bldg., Rm. 51, Wilmington, DE 19898.

Du Pont registered trademarks. Du Pont makes fibers, not carpets.





Tasteful and direct. The accompanying photo shows the jacket in color, and with an advertising twist borrowed from Brooks Brothers: there is nobody wearing it. The Kenya Cloth Jacket just lies there, one sleeve stuck through the belt, the other modestly crossed over the hem. Bean will often show a sports coat, for instance, mounted on a torso dummy, an ascot hiding the neck stump. This can be unsettling when you've got hay fever or a bad hangover, but it is a boon to the C.F. He does not have to first erase the model's leering face from the picture to imagine himself in it. This also helps the C.F. hold his illusion of virginity: no one has ever put a dirty human foot into Bean's Boot Foot Waders. Even if you got the exact pair that was photographed, you would know they had just hung there, empty and fresh. It is like a museum. When the C.F. does run across a model in Bean's catalog, it is easy to dismiss him. The model looks like the madman who installed the plumbing at your cottage, or the guy who sold you the camper. It is a sort of democratic catalog elan.

A note on colors—the bush jackets in all three catalogs are photographed in color. The colors will in no circumstances match the jacket. All the catalogs will implore you to send for color and fabric swatches, claiming that photography cannot do justice to their subtle hues. This never bothers the C.F. He would not send for color swatches on a bet. His imagination is the important thing, and if the color won't do, he will send the item back with no hard feelings. An alcoholic is not really particular on which slope of the vineyard his hearty muscat grapes were nurtured. He knows that they will do the job. The C.F. is brother to this trust.

In Eddie Bauer's catalog the C.F. finds the jacket described thus:

Emphasis is placed on free action, from bi-swing gusseted back to center vent tailoring and generous, roomy cut . . . bellows pockets. . . . The belt removes easily to save the leather buckle from the rigors of dry cleaning or washing. Twill fabric is a hand-washable blend of cotton and polyester fibre, treated with Scotchgard to repel water and resist stains.

Notice here the words that rouse the C.F. to near-frenzy: "tailoring," "leather buckle" and the British touch of "fibre" is a dead giveaway to snob appeal. Of course it's not "fiber." God Save the Queen.

The photo in the Bauer catalog presents three people, two women and a man, standing by a boulder on a riverbank. O.K., a little sexual overtones, tasteful and not in the C.F.'s way at all.

#### \* THE AUTHOR'S SELECTED LIST OF CATALOGS:

Eddie Bauer  
1737 Airport Way South  
P.O. Box 3700  
Seattle, Washington 98124

L.L. Bean, Inc.  
Freeport, Maine 04032

Herner's Inc.  
Rural Route 1  
Waseca, Minnesota 56093

Noem Thompson  
1805 N.W. Thurman Street  
Portland, Oregon 97209  
(request the hunting & fishing supplement separately)

Don Bailey's Fly Shop  
209 West Park Street—Box 1019  
Livingston, Montana 59047

Eastern Mountain Sports, Inc.  
1041 Commonwealth Avenue  
Boston, Massachusetts 02215

Recreational Equipment, Inc.  
1525 Eleventh Avenue  
Seattle, Washington 98122

\* This is a personal selection, not intended to be representative of catalogs that have given me constant pleasure, plus quality merchandise and service over several years.

They appear in three different colors of coats and matching pants. The C.F., depending on his mood, may find this shocking, having been taught that you never wear a bush jacket with matching pants unless you expect to play the heavy in a film about colonial oppression. Further, he knows that you never have a bush jacket in any color except tan. But times are changing. The old ways are shattered with new adventure.

An advanced feature of the Bauer's *continued*

## If Lanny Wadkins just cold topped his 5-iron, why is he grinning?



Even though Lanny is only the second man in golfing history to win over \$100,000 in his first year on tour he knows he still has a lot of mistakes left in his bag to correct. But he's only 22 and he loves the game. Lanny has proven that he has the potential to become the top money winner someday. Meanwhile, Munsingwear keeps him looking like a winner.

**We can't make you a winner. But we can make you look like one!**

**Grand slam**  
munsingwear 



## This Christmas you may be lucky enough to get what you give... *Hitachi.*

Lucky enough to get the same Solid-State the same  
STRONG warranty\* and the same unique features

**TV'S** Choose from a full line of Color and Black/White models with 100% Solid-State chassis. There's the latest silicon transistors and integrated circuits combined with "plug-in" sections that can easily be pulled out for quick service. In sizes 9" to 19" (diagonal). From \$99.95 to \$499.95.

**TAPE RECORDERS** Choose from a full line of tape recorders with features such as Hitachi's built-in semiautomatic condenser mike, beep alarm, a unique anti-rill mechanism that adjusts vibrations and our Auto Stop system that shuts the recorder off at the end of the tape. From \$34.95 to \$229.95.

**RADIOS** Hitachi has AM radios, AM/FM radios, AM/FM/FM stereo radios, radio/cassette, multi-band and Digi-Beep clock radios—a radio for everyone. From \$8.95 to \$69.00.

This Christmas give the gift you'd like to receive—Hitachi. For the complete line, write: Dept. SI-5, Hitachi Sales Corp., at America, 48-50 34th Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.



Quality always comes first at  
**HITACHI**

**TV WARRANTY**  
5-year Hitachi, 2-year on the picture tube and other parts. Replacement cost included. 1-year free labor in labor at Hitachi authorized service centers throughout the country.

**\*RADIO & TAPE RECORDER WARRANTY**  
3-year Hitachi, 1-year on the tape deck and other parts. Replacement cost included. 1-year free labor in labor at Hitachi authorized service centers throughout the country.

### CATALOGS

catalog is small, inset black-and-white photos of details: the bi-swing gusseted back, bellows pockets. The C.F. perks up. New. Advancement, Detail, Words dear to his heart. The better mousetrap—with snaps.

The most impressive presentation of the bush jacket is Norm Thompson's:

You'll feel a bit more dashing... a little more adventurous the moment you put on the Norm Thompson Shikari Jacket... We introduced the Shikari nine years ago, and we've been improving it ever since—updating the style, adding a new fabric, making the cut even more generous and comfortable... the look of adventure—the feeling of comfort... You can order your Shikari Jacket in our exclusive Prairie Cloth—five roomy bellows pockets. Two whoppers, 8" square.

The C.F. is in the DT's. He is nearly fainting to plunge his sweaty palms into those "whoppers."

In the field of equipment there is one catalog that stands by itself; so distinctive that it is a special reserve of the C.F., his pure, uncut fix: Herter's. The company lists itself as provider of the following items: fishing tackle, gem star sapphires, archery equipment, outdoor silks and other fabrics, snowmobiles, ammunition primers, hunting decoys, Sheffield steel fish hooks, Fiberglass boats, custom gunstocks, binoculars and telescope sights, clay targets, shotgun shells, center and rimfire ammunition, survival and camping equipment, game calls, trail motorcycles, sensor equipment and electronic dog trainers.

Herter's huge catalog was one of the models for the first *Whole Earth Catalog*, which reached its present fame by telling C.F.s where to get surgical tools for home use and how to wire their own computers. Most C.F.s, by the way, are not impressed with the *Whole Earth Catalog* because it is too widely distributed. Too well known. As one veteran puts it, "Now everyone will have one of those damn domes in his yard."

Herter's actually does have all the things listed, and more. Each item in the catalog is prefaced by the word "Herter's," lest you forget. The C.F. has conniptions just reading the titles: **HERTER'S HAND CARVED SOLID WALNUT, METAL AND LEATHER**

continued



## You get just about the same headroom and legroom in an Audi as you do in a \$25,215 Rolls-Royce.

The Audi 100LS isn't a very big car. On the outside.

But don't let that fool you about the size of the car on the inside.

You'll find there's more headroom than you'd ever expect. Enough for, say, a person 6'6". And if he's got unusually long legs (which a person of his size usually has) he won't have to sit clutching his knees. Because there's more legroom than you'd ever expect.

Mind you, he's not the only one who would sit comfortably. The Audi can seat a family of five rather nicely.

Now the \$25,215\* Rolls-Royce isn't the only great car the Audi has a lot in common with.

The Audi has rack-and-pinion steering like the racing Ferrari. And front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado.

The Audi has the same type of brakes as the Porsche 917 racing car. And independent front suspension like the Aston Martin.

Our interior looks so much like that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, you can hardly tell them apart.

And as for service, you'll get the same kind of expert service a Volkswagen gets. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

Impressed? You should be. After all, the Audi bears a startling similarity to some of the world's finest automobiles.

But what makes the Audi especially impressive is its price tag.

It's a lot less than you'd expect to pay for that many great cars.



**The \$3,960\* Audi\***  
It's a lot of cars for the money.

\*Suggested retail price \$3,965 Audi Coupe P.D.E. (Mini Coupe P.D.E. slightly higher). \*Manufacturer's suggested retail price as of Oct. 1, 1972. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Wheelwell taxes optional at extra cost.



## Squirt. The soft drink that moonlights as a mixer.

It's not every soft drink  
that can go around leading  
two lives.

But Squirt's not like every  
soft drink.

It's natural. No artificial  
color or flavor. None.

It's dry. Tangy.

The perfect gentle  
mixer.

For gin. For vodka.

For rum. For whiskey.

At home. Or anyplace  
you stop on the way.

That's Squirt.

How do you take yours?

**Squirt.**

Our secret ingredient grows on grapefruit trees.

FIREPLACE BELLows or HERTER'S FLEXIBLE TULL BODIED SQUIRREL FORMS. And what self-respecting C.F. would want to bed down beneath anything other than HERTER'S AUTHENTIC OFFICIAL GUIDE ASSOCIATION ALL WOOL FRENCH CANADIAN TYPE POINT BLANKET? That may be the world's longest catalog title and, by that fact, worthy of the C.F.'s stock of merchandise.

Sighing, the C.F. clutches his catalogs and, if he happens to be a fisherman, dreams lovingly of the Perfect Fishing Cabin, completely outfitted with catalog purchases. The prefish logs smell ever so slightly of creosote. It is evening. June bugs whap at the screen, and the C.F. sits with a rye and ginger on the huge, screened sleeping porch. An ancient mallard decoy with a brass rod in its back supports a bulb and lampshade with leaping Rainbows splashing in hand-painted frenzy forever on the parchment. The glass tumbler sweats, its carefully worked Royal Coachman dry-fly insignia

blurring slightly. The C.F. rises to get more ice from the Fiberglas bucket on whose lid gazelles and partridge seem to be in constant danger of collision. The furniture is Early Hired Man, clawed maple, pegged omniguously at the joints, but the expensive fabric upholstery depicts scenes of fox hunts and stag chases. The C.F. sips, thinks "this is all mine," and looks benevolently at the mandatory three honkers carved from walnut, over the mantel flying on brass wings from left to right, just like *oh The American Sportsman*.

On the west wall are the 8x10 glossies of Dad's old cabin, Bob holding a stringer of linkers, and Midge smiling in her tank suit at the awards barbecue with your tarpon trophy.

In a special alcove by the door the bamboo glows like buckwheat honey, the color of your new Sportswagon. The Leonards and Orvises hang there; family portraits. The C.F. includes a few of the better glass rods, to keep up on technology. An old oak filing cabinet holds

two dozen reels and enough parts to stock a small jewelry store. The C.F. has just written the editor of a prominent journal to ask exactly where he can find some decent, 18-foot, 6X leaders of gut. Nothing like 'em.

The closets and dressers are loaded with clothing that fits each occasion and each few degrees of temperature change. Boots and shoes shine dutifully from their stainless racks. The C.F. sits quietly, the stream gurgling its promise of dawn feedings and deep pools. He remembers he hasn't checked the mail. Catalogs. . . . Suddenly awake in the depressing reality of his own living room, the C.F. breaks out in a cheeping hysteria: the basement leaks, his wife has an appointment with an electrolysis salon for hair removal, the boss has been acting up, his few miserable pieces of equipment have come unglued in the steam heat and he may not get to fish again, ever. There is only one thing for the C.F. to do: checkbook, order blank envelope. . . .

END



# Think Ramada for a change.

Clean, comfortable and more than 400 strong from coast to coast.  
Call the nearest Ramada Inn for free reservations at any Ramada Inn.  
Ramada Inn Executive Offices, P.O. Box 590, Phoenix, Ariz. 85001.



**RAMADA  
INN**  
ROADSIDE HOTELS

**WELCOME  
HOME**

It's the real thing.



*Pro basketball is a moving experience. To get free for a shot, to get a step on a defender, to draw a foul, you've often got to make the opponent think you're going one way when you fully intend to go the other. Down when you're going up. Up when you're going down. Left when you're going right. Anywhere when you're going to stand still. When a ballplayer puts a move on someone they say he "used him."*

*When the move is extra "bad" (meaning good), they say he "used him like soap." The most audaciously saponaceous moves are performed so quickly or so subtly that it is often hard to figure out what happened. Using an ingenious new photographic process that he invented—and that he is keeping a darkroom secret—John Zimmerman has, in effect, frozen the moves*

**and**

*(at least, frozen them to the consistency of a Dairy Queen) to reveal every twist and turn. Showing off on the following pages are four of the most elusive young pros: Tiny Archibald of the Kansas City-Omaha Kings, wily Willie Wise of the Utah Stars, Pistol Pete Maravich of the Atlanta Hawks—replete with his deadly new mustache—and Julius Erving of the Virginia Squires, the inimitable Dr. J., whose acrobatics have made him a sensation. Archibald (opposite) shimmy like a cobra on his way to the hoop and, obviously, he's got such extraordinarily fast hands that although he plays in the NBA he can steal the ball off an ABA court.*

# movers snakers





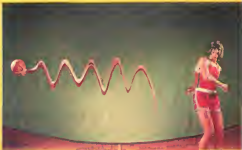
The deft, economical maneuvers of Willie Wise—be they head fakes or jukes of the shoulders and midsection—make him superb on the baseline.







It may look like madness—a behind-the-back cross-over dribble, a showy pass—but there's method in the manipulations of Pete Maravich.





# the net-ripping, backboard-shaking, mind-blowing dr. j.

by Peter Garry

Last March, at the conclusion of his old school's disappointing basketball season, Julius Erving (left, illustrating two of his resplendent dunks) returned to the University of Massachusetts. He had left there the previous spring, at the end of his junior year, to become a professional basketball player, his premature departure shattering the dreams of UMass fans who had hoped he would lead the school to some modest level of national acclaim in 1971-72. Under those circumstances, most men in Erving's position would have slunk through a side door, but Massachusetts had invited him in the front way to watch as they retired his uniform. And to listen as they cheered him, which is what a banquet gathering of 150 did—on its feet. "I never saw so many people who thought so much of a kid," remembers Al Bianchi, the coach of the Virginia Squires, who accompanied his rookie forward to the ceremonies. "There was a lot of concern for him up there. Not about his play, but about him. 'Don't let him get out of hand,' they said. 'We don't think he will, but make sure he doesn't.' To reassure them, I told them, 'Julius still wears the same size hat he did when he first came to us.'"

A month after his triumphant return to Massachusetts, Erving announced to his Virginia fans that he would be skipping out on them to join the NBA Hawks. Atlanta had signed him to a contract worth \$1.5 million more than the \$500,000, four-year deal he had with the Squires. It all sounded distressingly familiar to Virginians, who had seen two previous stars, Rick Barry and Charlie Scott, take off to greener pastures, bad-mouthing the Old Dominion and the team en route. Erving stayed with the Squires long enough to perform for them in the ABA playoffs and then quietly headed south. He did not return to Virginia until the Squires had lost their first four regular-season games, and then only because a federal court told him he had to. (Upon his return, Virginia won four in a row, and Erving is leading the ABA in scoring.)

Most players who have switched leagues are no longer welcome in the cities from whence they jumped. When Erving came back to Virginia, he was warmly greeted by his coach, his teammates and the Squires' front office. The fans seemed to mistake him for General MacArthur.

"There was never any question that I wanted Julius back or how well he would play once he got here," says Bianchi. "He had a great season as a rookie, averaging 27 points and 16 rebounds. But he was even better in the playoffs. He scored 33 a game with 20 rebounds. That means he actually played better for us after he had signed with the Hawks. That's the kind of guy he is."

While Erving was in Atlanta, Virginia's ticket salesmen spent a frustrating summer trying to peddle season seats, but they're not sore at him, either. "Julius has been wonderful," says Vin Ahern, director of advertising and marketing. "If we have a promotion going or a personal appearance to be made, all we have to do is ask him and he'll do it. We owe him more than he owes us."

Which must be just about the way Virginians feel about the man they call Dr. J. The Squires play their home games in three different cities, Norfolk, Hampton and Richmond, and at his first appearance in each this season Erving received a tumultuous welcome. The people stood and cheered and whistled and slapped each other's hands when he was introduced. Then they did the same things all over again when he scored the first of his net-ripping, backboard-shaking, mind-blowing dunk shots.

That Julius Erving has twice run out on his admirers and twice returned home to standing ovations would seem to in-

dicate he has the best moves since the prodigal son. In one sense, that is certainly true. At 22, Erving is already a marvelous basketball player who is at once tightly efficient and wildly creative who evokes coachly praise as a superb team player at the same time he lifts less expert onlookers out of their seats with the most exciting individual maneuvers going. But over-the-shoulder, one-handed dunks notwithstanding, Erving would not have been welcomed back had he decided to drip his venom all over Virginia and the Squires when he lit out for Atlanta. He didn't, possibly because he has no venom to drip.

The combination of Erving's extraordinary talents and the fact that he has no known detractors has turned discussions regarding him into an interminable series of gee whizzes. Coaches, teammates, opponents, referees, trainers, scorekeepers, all young women and not a few old ones, publicity men, sportswriters, TV announcers, children, autograph seekers and snapshot takers of all ages and hues, drunks who roam the streets near arenas, total strangers and his mother agree that Erving is nice. Depending on the speaker, Julius is a super kid, sumkinda cat, a beautiful dude, a great guy, a good person or a fine young man. In essence, they are all saying, as Erving's mother does, that "Julius is a nice boy. He was never a snappy child. He always liked to listen and he didn't give anyone cause to dislike him. He is smart and deep-thinking. It's wonderful how he made it up in the pros. He's a good boy and I am happy for him. When he graduated from high school, he said to me, 'This is the beginning. I mean to go far.' I guess he thought that out like everything else."

continued

Just how far Erving will go—and where—are subjects of continuing debate. One school holds that he is already the best forward ever to play the game, another claims he needs a year or two more to polish up his defense and outside shot before he inevitably becomes the best.

Such assessments have made Erving a big gun in the pro basketball war and even the Squires don't seem to fault him for taking advantage of the situation. He will apparently remain in Virginia for the next three seasons, but after that he could end up with the Hawks, who still have him under contract, or the Milwaukee Bucks, who hold the NBA draft rights to him.

"The life of a pro athlete is a short one, and after hearing about the money that is being tossed around, I don't think my contract with Virginia is fair," says Erving. "I have proven myself and I don't think I'm being paid the market value for the type player I think I am. I deserve considerably more money. Of course, I'll abide by what the courts say. I invited myself into this situation and I'm willing to pay the consequences."

In this era of wealthy young athletes, the consequences do not promise to be harsh ones for Erving, who stands to become wealthier than most at a younger age. When evaluating hot young properties, basketball men rate him up there with the best centers, Milwaukee's Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Kentucky's Artis Gilmore and UCLA undergraduate Bill Walton. "I'm extremely high on him," says Atlanta General Manager Richie Guerin. "He could determine the success of our franchise or its demise. Julius will draw people."

Anyone who has ever seen Dr. J. operate cannot doubt the validity of Guerin's prediction. But, curiously, these observers are a select few because Erving is likely the most underexposed super athlete playing a major professional sport. Although he was the leading rebounding forward in the country both of his college years, he wasn't voted anything higher than third team All-America. The University of Massachusetts has never been a showcase for top basketball players, and Erving did not help himself when the Redmen played in the National Invitation Tournament at the end of his junior year. He fouled out early in his team's opening-round game, starting off some pro

scouts who should have known better.

Because of the ABA's meagre television contract, Erving has played in only four nationally televised games since joining the Squires. One of them was the NBA-ABA All-Star game last May in which he performed for only 22 minutes yet stole the show with a single play in which he dumbfounded Oscar Robertson with a dunk that started near the foul line and ended up with Erving whipping the ball around his head and into the basket. And since the cities in which ABA teams are located tend to be smaller than those in the NBA, Dr. J. has appeared only in New York among the nation's metropolises. Although NBA players hold him in esteem, many have never watched him perform. Like a lot of fans who routinely include Erving on their personal all-star teams, they rely on what they have heard and read about him, not on what they have seen.

Seeing Julius Erving is believing. The first time Bianchi ever had the pleasure was during the press conference at which the Squires, who had only the most rudimentary scouting data on Dr. J., announced that they had signed him. "When he walked into the room, my first impression was that he might be too thin," says the Virginia coach. "Then I got an eyeful of those hands. I couldn't believe them. When we were leaving the meeting, I turned to our president, Earl Foreman, and said, 'My God, did you see those meat hooks!'"

At the end of outsized arms, which help him play "taller" than he is, Erving wears the largest gloves made (size 11) and a size 13½ ring. He has been able to palm the ball since the seventh grade—just a year or so after he began to refine his dunk shots on an 8-foot basket. There are several pros with hands as large, but none with his combination of size, strength and sensitivity. Erving can one-hand a rebound even when the ball is careening away from him. And unlike most other one-handed rebounders, he doesn't need to curl the ball into his wrist to control it. He simply plucks it out of the air like a tennis ball. The consensus among scouts is that if Erving can get so much as a couple of fingertips on the ball, he will control it. In fact, a new term, rebounding range, has been coined virtually in his honor. Most rebounders contend only for those missed shots that fall directly overhead, but Erving is considered to have a good chance at

any ball within a three- or four-foot radius.

"I guess I consider my hands my best physical attribute," says Dr. J., "but I don't like to forget my legs either." Seated, Erving looks about as tall as a 6-foot man. When he stands to his full 6'7", it becomes apparent that he has the legs of a normally proportioned 6'11" man, and it is their length that lends his game its most pervasive characteristic, smoothness. "He comes at you with those long, open strides, and you have a tendency to keep backing away from him because you think he's not really into his move yet," says Erving's former Squire teammate, Doug Moe, now assistant coach of the Carolina Cougars. "If you keep backing, if you fail to go up and challenge him, he'll simply glide right by you."

Dr. J. glides and swoops and floats so effortlessly that he hardly sweats. Even in the fourth quarter, his mat, medium-brown skin is glazed by perspiration only at the base of his throat, and following a recent game in which he played 37 minutes, scored 34 points and had 17 rebounds, his uniform was barely damp. His disposition on the court is equally calm. He rarely changes his disinterested expression or becomes sufficiently upset to growl at the officials.

A man of such cool moves and moods is ideally suited for playground basketball where behind-the-back dribbles, reverse dunks and icy disposition are considered prerequisites for "freaking out" an opponent. Like many of the most flamboyant black stars, Erving is a legend on his home turf in Roosevelt, N.Y., a largely black Long Island suburb. **THIS IS WHERE JULIUS ERVING LEARNED THE GAME OF BASKETBALL** reads the neatly painted sign at Roosevelt Park. It was there and at Centennial Park and at other playgrounds in nearby Hempstead that Erving developed his many dunks. They range from a simple hop directly under the basket that results in the ball being casually flipped through the hoop like a wad of paper dropped into a trash can, to all manner of reverse slams; change of hands, twisting spectaculars; run-assisted reverses; high tomahawks; and—whooosh!—the ultimate foot line takeoff job. It was on these same asphalt courts that Erving practiced his ballhandling—behind the back, through the legs, reverse pivot—and the body-control stunts

*continued*

# 1973 Opel GT. Uncomplicated excitement.



When you think of a sports car, you usually think of something that performs and handles well. And is a bit complicated.

The Opel GT is different.

It's a sports car. Naturally.

It's got rack and pinion steering, power disc brakes up front, a four-speed gearbox, and responsive engine. So you just love to get behind the wheel (after slipping into the snug bucket seats), and take it

out on the road for a spin.

But it's not complicated.

Which is to say it's simple and ruggedly put together inside. Tough on the outside. And it's serviced by over 2200 Buick dealers across the country.

Which makes owning it easier on your nerves.

The Opel GT.

An uncomplicated sports car. And maybe that's what you've been looking for all this time.

**German precision imported by General Motors.  
Sold and serviced by 2200 Buick dealers.**



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that make him an effective shooter in the crowded area under the basket.

"I was always small," says Erving in his quiet, serious voice. "I was only 6'3" when I graduated from high school. Yet I always had big hands and could jump, so I learned to be trickier than bigger guys. I liked to experiment. I loved to watch guys and what they'd do in emergency situations. When I practiced, I worked on ways to take advantage of my advantages. I set no dimensions for my game. I decided not to limit myself when I found I could do anything that I had ever seen any guy do—except spin the ball on the end of my finger, which you can't use in a game anyhow."

"There is another reason to experiment in a playground game. There's a whole psychology there that makes you want to beat a guy in a way that makes him pay twice. You want to outscore him and you also want to freak him out with a big move or a big block. That way even if the score is tied, you and he both know you're really ahead."

"That kind of thinking used to dominate my mind in informal game situations, but I feel I've been very fortunate that it has never been part of my concept of how a formal, five-man game should be played. I honestly feel there are guys in the pros who have never stopped thinking that way and it restricts their usefulness. They may end up as high scorers, but they haven't helped their teams."

"The whole playground thing is a means of expression," says Erving's high school coach, Ray Wilson. "For black kids it's an important way of getting your contemporaries' approval. Take a blocked shot. A coach will say what the hell good is it if you block a shot and it goes out of bounds. But for the kid, all he cares about is that moment, one-on-one. You've taken the challenge and beaten your man. You've hurt him and ruined his pride. With black kids, life's all a struggle for pride. Second best is nothing. You've got to establish yourself as No. 1."

"Julius never had those hangups. When he was a junior he didn't start, even though he had to know he was the best player I had. Most kids in his place would've quit because they would've felt that their friends thought them fools to do all that practicing only to play second string."

"I guess why Julius was not affected

by this was because he's always been a very self-confident kid. He knew how good he was, but he never bragged about it. He's gotten strength and love at home that a lot of others didn't get. His family was not financially well-off, but his mother's a strong woman. Culturally, Julius' family is rich."

Erving's ability to differentiate between playground and formal basketball has driven him to become a much better fundamental player than his flashy individual moves would lead many spectators to surmise. "The first time I ever saw him warm up," says Moe, "I thought, 'Oh no, here we go again. He's just another showboat.' But I couldn't have been more wrong. Julius was the most mature rookie I've ever seen. When he does something out of the ordinary, he's really only using his body to best advantage."

"Erving's moves are beautiful and they don't disrupt the team," adds Hawk Forward Jim Washington, who stood to lose his starting job if Dr. J. had remained in Atlanta. "He utilizes most of his moves on fast breaks or semi-fast breaks, so they're not out of context. It's not like we set up half court, gave him the ball and he took off on his own."

"Julius is the most exciting player I've ever seen," says Cougar General Manager Carl Scheer. "He'll keep people in the arena until the 48th minute because they're afraid if they leave he might do something nobody's ever seen before or ever will again. He looks like a hot dog, but everything he does has a purpose if you analyze it."

Erving is now almost apologetic about the dunking hurt with which he began his pro career. In his first exhibition game, he freaked the 7'2" Gilmore three times and he continued the pattern for months. "The no-dunking rule came in my senior year in high school, so I hadn't been allowed to slam in competition for four years," Dr. J. explains. "At first I couldn't get enough of it. Now if I can shoot a simple layup I usually will, except if I think our team needs a big dunk. It's all psychological then. If we're down a few points and I'm fast-breaking, I'll sometimes decide that the time has come to get freaky. It gets the crowd up and our team and me. Because of the excitement, we'll often start to defend better, to make good plays and to pull ahead. But overall, I'd have to say

that as I get older my game gets more conservative."

Squire teammate Neil Johnson agrees. "Last year he used to blow my mind with a new move about three times a game," he says. "Now it's only about once a game that he'll do something that will have the guys on the bench looking at each other and just sort of shaking their heads."

Another reason Erving has been dunking less this year is because defenses now sag away from him to prevent his drive and to force him to take his still improving jumper. But his drives, rebounds and passes are still full of extraordinary displays of body control. He is a dart coming off the defensive backboard. He will often grab a rebound with his trailing hand as he twists in midair, propelling his body far out into the lane—and far beyond startled opponents—to kick off the break. On drives, he switches the ball from one hand to the other so easily that he draws far fewer fouls than he deserves. The hand change makes it difficult for the defense to hack him as he shoots, and referees rarely call fouls to the lower body, which is where opponents really operate on the Doctor.

And he still has his moments of brilliant creativity, instances, says Ray Wilson, when Erving should be playing on canvas. In a recent game against San Diego, Erving deflected far out from the board with a deceptive rebound, and as opponents have begun to do this season to pre-empt Dr. J. from taking off on the fast break, one of the Conquistadors jumped in front of him as he went back up in the air to pass. The right-handed lob he planned to throw would have been deflected, so Erving, still airborne, turned 360°, changed hands and flipped a high left-handed pass off his hip before he landed. The ball sailed over the retreating defense and dropped into the hands of Squire Bernie Williams, who took it at full speed and scored a layup.

Later that night, San Diego Aviators Coach Stan Albeck walked up to Erving's table in a Norfolk restaurant. "Man, I thought I'd seen everything," he said. "But that 360° job! Nobody's ever done anything like that. It was unbelievable."

"Thanks," said Dr. J. "It was the only way that I was able to get the job done." And of course, he did it with no sweat.

**END**

## In his old Ky. home, far away

Adolph Rupp was gone (finally), but the Wildcats kept on winning

Ever since you were old enough to drink water after 6 p.m., you've probably understood that Adolph Rupp ranked right up there with Colonel Sanders, Man o' War, Mammoth Cave and other great Kentucky inventions. You've known it and believed it, another legend to help you through those desol-



BOB GUYETTE STEMMED SPARTAN TIDE

tory days when you needed a push every 15 minutes to get your brain kick-started. Irascible, cantankerous, lovable, immovable: Adolph. As basketball coach at the University of Kentucky, he fooled more fools, won more games and saved more referees than any battalion of us ever could hope to do. But last week the final page turned as Kentucky opened its season. Not only was Adolph missing from the bench, he was a couple of hundred miles away, back home in Lexington, listening to the game on the radio. The Baron had become simply the fan in the brown suit.

For all of you who understand modern math, it might be necessary to say that there was a time when UCLA aspired to be the UK of the West. While John Wooden was a high school coach in Dayton, Ky., for gracious sakes, Rupp was amassing a record that eventually included four NCAA championships, one NIT title and 27 Southeastern Conference championships. In 42 years Rupp's teams won 879 games, just a little over eight out of every 10 they played.

But dynasties, like fine china, never seem to fare well when passed from hand to hand. Even though the new coach, Joe Hall, was a good ol' boy who was born and raised in Cynthiana, Ky., there still was a goodly amount of trepidation accompanying Kentucky fans to East Lansing, Mich. last Saturday to watch their team open the season against Michigan State. And what they saw did not look like a Kentucky team.

The Wildcats won, 75-66, but they did it by playing a pressuring, multi-faceted defense, rebounding and blocking shots and using more substitutions than a sour-stomach restaurant. Hall shuffled in all 12 of his players in the first half. Under Rupp, a second-line player was sure only that he would have a clear line of sight for the entire season, much of the reason why the school at times seemed to be just a place to get a transfer out of. In fact, Hall himself transferred from Kentucky after his sophomore year in 1950, discouraged by having to play behind that year's "fabulous five."

Joe Hall thus faces the most difficult job in college basketball, and in many ways he begins it as the antithesis of his predecessor. Rupp's craggy face and brusque wit were the cement and mor-

tar that built the specter of The Baron. Hall's appearance and demeanor are mindful of his name—simple, reliable and neat, no abbreviations or nicknames necessary. Except for one week, when he left to take the head-coaching job at St. Louis University, this soft-spoken man had waited offcourt as an assistant coach at Kentucky for seven years while the resolute Rupp creaked toward the university's mandatory retirement age of 71. But even when he pulled ahead of retirement last year, he hesitated. Finally, facing the inevitable, Adolph announced his retirement—although that retirement is not always as apparent to others as it is to him. President now of the Memphis Tams of the American Basketball Association, Rupp lives in Lexington, maintains an office at UK's Memorial Coliseum and now and then looks in on basketball practice. "He's stopped by several times this year and each time I've invited him to talk to the team and each time he has," says Hall.

Publicly, the players profess no preference for one professor over the other, but privately they are willing to confess their pleasure at the transition. "Coach Rupp was just getting old," said one member of the team a few days before the Michigan State game. "He's a great man, but I would say that the players believe that Coach Hall will be able to take us farther than Coach Rupp could have."

The Baron maintained an omnipotent stance during his reign. He was the lord, the players were the serfs, and if they made mistakes he chewed them out in front of the fans and in front of the sportswriters. "It was his way of toughening you up," says senior Jim Andrews, a target of Rupp's vitriolic tongue last year. "I knew that he wanted me to try a little harder and I went out and tried a little harder—sometimes."

Andrews almost quit Kentucky as a sophomore when he found himself as the third center behind Tom Payne and Mark Soderberg, who later transferred. "When I was a sophomore," Andrews says, "I never heard from him but I knew that when the day came that Payne signed with the pros, I'd hear. And I did. He called me up at 9 a.m. one day and asked me how I was feeling, if my summer job was all right. I knew then that Payne was leaving. He did, too."

"Coach Hall is kind of down to our

continued



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**MAKING MACHINES DO MORE, SO MAN CAN DO MORE.**



level of thinking more than Coach Rupp," says Ronnie Lyons, another team member cauterized by Rupp last year. "You can relate more to him than you could to Coach Rupp."

Hall takes the players on fishing trips and has them over to his house for dinner on occasion. "I was a head coach at small colleges before I came to Kentucky," says Hall, "and I learned them to be everything to my players. I've been a trainer. I've been a tutor. I've been a doctor. I've got a background of closeness to the players and I don't think I'll ever lose that."

For the past few years, Hall coached the freshman team and last season he had what many people consider the finest group of freshmen in the school's history. The team had three players—Jimmy Dan Conner (Kentucky), Mike Flynn (Indiana) and Kevin Grevey (Ohio)—who were considered the top prospects in their states the previous year, and a handful of others almost as talented. The freshmen steamrolled 22 straight opponents, beating a respectable University of Cincinnati team by 70 points. Denny Crum, coach at the University of Louisville, speculated one day that his freshmen were better, and Rupp said, line, we'll rent Freedom Hall, split expenses and the winner takes all the receipts. Crum never called. "The freshmen probably helped us to win the SEC title," says Andrews. "Practicing against them every day had to help. And we loved to beat them. They were getting all the publicity."

Now the freshmen are sophomores, and, according to Hall, they are men. "Conner, Flynn and Grevey are just all-around athletes," explained the coach. "They've got good body control and they've got good body strength. And they don't play like sophomores." The three joined the 6' 11" Andrews and the 5' 10" Lyons in the starting lineup against MSU and when the Spartans whittled down a 14-point UK lead to one point late in the second half, Hall did not panic. He knew he had the perfect solution. He added another of his seven sophomores, this time Bob Guyette, to replace a fatigued Andrews. That left four sophomores and Lyons, a junior, on the floor and a screaming Michigan State crowd going wild—a perfect spot for a Kentucky cave-in. Instead, the Wildcats dominated the game in the last four minutes with Guyette helping

to control the play inside. "You know he's got a lot of faith in you when he puts you in a spot like that," Guyette said gratefully after the game.

Kentucky's last NCAA title came in 1958 and Rupp's severest critics said he would never win another one until Kentucky stopped doing its thing in whiteface and acknowledged the presence of the black basketball player. Payne finally broke the color line two seasons ago, then signed a pro contract with the Atlanta Hawks. Last year there were two blacks on the team until late in the season, when they were suspended for missing a trip. Now, Hall finds himself with a lamentsable legacy—an all-white team and the delicate problem of convincing prospective players that Kentucky is not a racist school. "We're trying to recruit the black player," he says. "Unfortunately, many don't want to come here because there are no blacks here." Hall did recruit one black freshman but another, better prospect resignedly told Hall that he would not attend UK because he had received threatening letters.

The key to the future may lie in some enlightened thinking but the key to this season resides with Jim Andrews and the team's ability to play guileful defense. One day at lunch last week, Conner told the tall center that he could be the best college big man in the country, and Andrews agreed. "I have to get motivated," he said. "And if I do, nobody can stop me." Against Michigan State, he scored 20 points, had 13 rebounds and blocked five shots, three in the opening minutes, and was the epitome of the new Hall look.

In anticipation of the coming year and the swarming new defense, Hall put his players through a torturous four-week running and weight-lifting program. "You could really tell the difference that first day of practice," said Andrews. "It was a tough workout and everybody went through it like a snap."

"Our zone press is terrific," says Conner. "The first couple of times we don't even try to steal the ball. We just get them a little nervous. Then about the third time we put the trap on them and they go crazy. We keep taking the ball from them."

With Conner shutting him off from the ball, Michigan State's talented sophomore, Lindsay Hairston, was neutralized by Kentucky last week. Hairston had missed only three shots in his team's

opening game but against Kentucky he was one for 11. "It worked just as we thought it would," said Conner. "We were really prepared."

And that, of course, pleased all the Kentucky fans, including the one in the brown suit back home in Lexington. Probably he marked it up as his 880th victory. After all, who taught Joe Hall everything he knows?

## THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

**SOUTH** Georgia Southern played Florida State even in the first half of the Seminoles' opening game, but Richard Wallace's 27 points could not keep the Floridians from scoring a 109-97 victory. Seminoles Ron King had 24 points and JC transfer Forwards Benny Clyde and Otis Johnson totaled 30 points. "It's tough for us to match up with a club like Georgia Southern," Coach Hugh Durham complained. Besides being good shooters, he said, the Georgians are—too small.

Maryland broke all sorts of school records by tanning Brown 127-82. Freshman John Lucas Jr., starting at guard, hit eight straight shots, made 19 points and said, "Coach was more nervous than I was."

JC transfer Robert (Turkey) Wilson came off the bench to gobble up 12 rebounds and make seven out of eight field-goal attempts, putting Southwestern Louisiana on the track to a 102-92 opening win over University of Nevada at Las Vegas. Working again a hot-and-cold, high-rolling Guard Dwight Lamar still scored 30 points. "We tried to get UCLA, Notre Dame, Kentucky and Florida State," North Carolina State Coach Norm Sloan said, presumably tongue-tucked as he explained the turkeys on State's schedule. "But none of them wanted to come to Raleigh." The Wolfpack played Appalachian State and Atlantic Christian instead, and defeated those opponents by 147 points, 130-53 and 110-40.

Memphis State mopped up Missouri Western 108-74. In a considerably more interesting contest, Tennessee trailed South Carolina by three points a minute from half-time. Some of his own home crowd booed when Ray Mears had the Vols stall for a last shot, but Mears ignored the boos. "I told the team that the crowd wasn't playing South Carolina, we were," he said. Mears' message worked. Tennessee stormed past the Gamecocks to win 55-45.

Fans entering the Louisville-Vanderbilt game were handed a sheet of paper titled

*continued*

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# COLLEGE BASKETBALL

"The Denny Crum Game Plan." It quoted Crum, "We don't have one single player that has ever started a varsity game. Vanderbilt should be quite a ways ahead of us in their development." This was hardly poor-mouthing Vandy made off with a 66-57 victory over the higher-rated Cardinals. Alabama belabored Cornell 107-84 but was beaten by Wake Forest 94-88 in the Twin City Classic at Winston-Salem.

1. FLORIDA STATE (2-0) 2. MARYLAND (2-0)

## EAST

The East as usual was slow getting into the season. Penn played half an opponent, King's College from blood-soaked Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and ran riot 94-54. Rutgers defeated Georgetown 98-83 and Colgate 82-76 as freshman Phil Sellers scored 30 and 28 points.

La Salle bombed dovish Army 73-62, thanks partly to the hustle and 19 points of its new forward from Tuskegee, Ala., Bill Taylor, and dumped Lehigh 75-59. Villanova and Penn State opened Princeton and Niagara ran over St. Francis of Loyola, Pa. 99-56 using three freshmen. "I thought Frank Layden [Niagara coach] was being nice by subbing early," St. Francis' Dick Conover said, "and found that the guys coming in were better than the ones going out."

Temple beat Hofstra 80-48. Canisius backboarded Scranton to death 97-27. St. Joseph's did Albright in 67-49 and Harvard the nation's most talented dark-horse team, remained in the dark. In a game tentatively scheduled at Madison Square Garden but displaced by a hockey game Indiana humiliated the Crimson 97-76 while being out-rebounded 43-56, outscored 45-10 to 47-10, and out-freeshot 62-5-1 to 76-9-1.

1. PROVIDENCE (2-0) 2. ST. JOSEPH'S (2-0)

## WEST

Bradley tried to slow down UCLA and Pacific did, too. Both were destroyed. Held to 10 points in the first half, Bradley did not shoot until 5:54 had elapsed and did not score until after 7½ minutes. Foolishly trying to drive on Bill Walton, the Braves saw him block five shots in the first half. The second half was not much better as UCLA ran its streak to 47 games by immobilizing the Braves 73-18. Pacific went eight minutes and 14 seconds before hitting a field goal, and UCLA blew it out 81-48. At one point UCLA led 38-8. "Walton is the latest basketball player I have ever seen," eighth-year Bradley Coach Joe Stowell said. "I want to see the team that can beat UCLA."

Long Beach State defeated North Texas State 90-63 as Forward-Guard Ed Ratliff scored 23 points, but Jerry Larkanian claimed he was unhappy. "This thing didn't do me any good," he said. "I was hoping to find out who my starters are going to

be, but I couldn't determine that tonight."

Two nights in a row Utah fans drove bumper-to-bumper to Marriott Center. Friday Brigham Young did in Santa Clara 84-73, but Saturday the Broncos staged a 66-64 upset. For the first time in 21 years, Stan Watts was in the press row instead of counting butterflies on the bench.

"We just don't have the type of player that picks up loose balls," New Mexico State Coach Leo Henson said after his Aggies lost 56-54. "UTEP had six or seven uncontested layups after picking up loose balls." Texas-El Paso's fourth straight win over the Aggies may cost them Olympian Jim Forbes, who ruptured a knee hurt in pre-season practice.

Oregon State got by Wichita State as scheduled 78-73, but was upset by New Mexico 84-79 in overtime. USC took Hardin-Simmons 88-73, but Houston, after thrashing perennially losing Southern Mississippi and Washington State, was rained on at Seattle. The Chelcats under new Coach Bill O'Connor whipped the Cougars 65-61.

1. UCLA (2-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (1-0)

## MIDWEST

After a 92-81 bodum-mer over Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor said, "Their zone destroyed our tempo. I'm anxious to see our kids go against a man-on-man." He got the chance at Washington and was even more anxious afterward. The Huskies held Luke Witte to only nine points, hit 52% of their shots and upset the Buckeyes 67-63. Washington Coach Mary Harshman attributed the upset to "sincerity." "I've never had a team that played any more sincerely than tonight," he said. Minnesota and Michigan lived up to their pre-season promises (page 30) while Iowa looked overpowering against little Chicago State, winning 101-44.

Marquette beat up badly outgunned St. Thomas of Minnesota 66-42, winning its 73rd straight home game before its 19th straight sellout crowd. But with Tennessee and Memphis coming next, Coach Al McGuire said, "The pie league is over."

Kansas State tipped off the season without a nip-off. San Diego State drew a technical for dunking the ball in warmups. Ken Kruger started the game by sinking the foul shot, and then K. State took the ball out of bounds, proceeding to a 39-67 victory. K. State also beat Eastern Kentucky 87-59. Missouri whopped Louisiana Tech 81-61 but had to struggle to whip scholarshipless University of California-Davis 77-30. Northern Illinois beat Wisconsin-Green Bay 84-78 with some difficulty and much sobbing collect. "They're gonna be a delight to watch, how about two weeks," an assistant said.

1. MARQUETTE (1-0) 2. MINNESOTA (2-0)

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## HONDA



## Lanny was super, just as Lanny predicted

In his first full year on the tour, Lanny Wadkins backed his own cocky talk by winning one tournament and earning \$116,616, a rookie record

The PGA's \$7.5 million road show ended its 11-month tour last week amid the absurd splendor of Walt Disney World, a monument to Mickey Mouse in a swamp near Orlando, Fla. Jack Nicklaus, the star, ended the year the way he began it, winning. The \$30,000 gave him \$320,542 for 1972, and made him the first golfer to top \$300,000. Arnold Palmer, that former leading man, missed the 36-hole cut, thus winding up what in many ways was his worst year since he turned pro in 1954, failing to win or share a title. And Lanny Wadkins, a 23-year-old rookie and Wake Forest dropout who has the look about him of a stunted chupenank, finished the season as the juvenile lead, thereby living up to his own expectations and at the same time making believers of a lot of early skeptics.

Wadkins, you see, had startled his elders on the pro tour last year by declaring, impudently as they saw it, that he would not be satisfied with less than one tournament win and \$100,000 in first-year earnings. Now Lanny is satisfied. He won \$116,616, more than any rookie ever, and in October he yanked the Sahara tournament in Las Vegas right out of the overlapping and interlocking grips of no less than Palmer and Nicklaus. Earlier in the year he finished second two weeks running, at the Hope and Phoenix, losing the latter in a playoff. Those who used to call him a cocky kid now refer to him as a confident young man.

"It's funny about goals," said Wadkins as he contemplated the luxury of a month at home in North Carolina. "It's hard to sit down and formulate them, but once you begin playing they eventually present themselves. Like this summer, sometime in July, I had already won around \$60,000 and I realized I could probably break Bob Murphy's

rookie money record [\$105,595 in 1968]. That gave me something to shoot at, so, coming into the Sahara when I had to have a win to break that record, I got it."

Money, in the amounts that Wadkins has won it, will buy a lot of respect on the pro tour, respect for the skill and nerve that it takes to get it. Unlike many other athletes, a pro golfer earns his pay stroke by stroke through an arduous schedule that has no off-season. There are no salaries and no bonuses, and a new player starts his first tournament knowing that his expenses are going to be about \$25,000 and that he may not earn a dime. Though most of them begin touring with the backing of a sponsor who guarantees expenses in return for a percentage, often half, of winnings, the young player looks forward to the day he will have returned the backer's investment with reasonable interest and is free to keep the produce of his labor. His worst fear is of earning so little during the term of his agreement that the backer will drop him before he has a chance to prove himself.

Lanny Wadkins began life as a pro several thousand dollars in debt as the result of a successful amateur career. With almost no money in the bank and the assurance of loans from friends if things got really bleak, he chose to go out on his own, without sponsors, and, as has happened many times since, his confidence in his ability paid off. By the end of the Doral tournament in March he had won \$44,277 and his financial worries were over.

The gamble was characteristic Johnny Miller, who himself has been coming on steadily since turning pro in 1969 and who nearly broke \$100,000 for the first time this year, says, "Lanny is the boldest player I've ever seen, probably a lot like Palmer used to be. People say



WADKINS FLASHES HIS BIG MONEY SMILE

he's cocky, but he has reason to be. He has more good shots than most people." Caddie Leonard Thomas, also known as Fat Jack, who has been watching the new ones for 12 years while carrying for the likes of Sam Snead, says, "He's good. But when he starts hooking is when he starts playing bad. He's got a lot of nerve, though."

"Nerve. That's what keeps coming up about Lanny," says Dave Marr. "I think it's probably premature to say he's the best ball striker around, as some people have, but there's no doubt he's good. He's criticized for his grip and his swing, but there must be something right about them. They work under pressure."

The Wadkins swing is anything but pretty, and he admits that he doesn't fully understand it. "I was taught the basics and then just told to whomp it," he once said. "I haven't sought any ad-

continued

vice this year. I was playing well enough that I didn't want to mess around with anything. But you can learn a lot by just watching. I watch the good ball strikers—Nicklaus, Westkopf, Knudson, Aaron, Snead, Heard—to be aware of the things they all do well; takeaway, shoulder turn, tee action. Putting is the weakest part of my game and I'm going to have to work on that."

Steve Melnyk was U.S. Amateur champion in 1969, the year before Wadkins, and has played with him as both an amateur and a pro. Melnyk says, "It's not that he's a bad putter. His putting is just overshadowed by his hitting. He doesn't have to be a great putter because he hits it so well."

Wadkins has already taken the first step toward putting excellence. He has learned to whistle on the greens. "Just now and then," he says. "Sometimes it relaxes you a little. It's good to be easy-going and carefree. I guess I've learned that from playing practice rounds with Jerry Heard." Besides practice rounds, Heard and Wadkins have shared this year a rented house at the Kaiser International in Napa, Calif., and a victory in the CBS Golf Classic filmed early in the fall. Heard is a big, friendly Californian whose own rookie year, 1969, was nothing to write home to Vnalia about. He was 129th on the money list. By 1970, though, he was exempt from qualifying and by '71 had won a tournament. This year he won two tournaments and \$136,897, trailing only Nicklaus, Lee Trevino, George Archer and Grier Jones.

"Lanny has some things to learn," says Heard. "Just like we all do. Things having to do with attitude. He tends to get mad at himself, to let things upset him once in a while, but he has so much ability that I don't see any reason why he shouldn't be just as good or even better next year. He *must* be good. If he has to improve his putting, he will."

It appears that if Wadkins has a problem during his second year it may be that the expectations of his friends exceed even his own. His own sound reasonable enough. "For a start I'll try to win a tournament again, and as soon as possible. Besides that I haven't thought very much about it yet. Maybe there is such a thing as a sophomore slump. I don't know. But I don't intend to find out. It seems to

me that if you're good, you're going to play good consistently."

However, Bob Murphy, who was also a first-class amateur player and whose rookie year might be considered better even than Wadkins' on the ground that his share of the total purse that year was greater and he had two tournament wins, followed with a disappointing second year—half as much money and no wins. On the other hand, Jack Nicklaus, whose rookie earnings were \$62,000, not only won the U.S. Open but took 3.5% of the total prize money, compared to Murphy's 2% and Wadkins' 1.5%. Nicklaus followed his own rookie act with the Masters, the PGA Championship and nearly twice as much money.

"Lanny is going to earn more money than he can count in the next 10 years," says Ben Yancey. "He's already a star. The only question is whether he's going to be a star of the Palmer, Nicklaus, Player type, or something somewhat less."

Lanny himself is not ready to talk about such possibilities yet. What he will talk about is going home. He and his wife Rachel have bought a condominium adjoining the Bermuda Run Golf and Country Club, a development outside Winston-Salem, N.C., and filled it with things chosen carefully from the showrooms of the local furniture industry. They have tried to get there once every six tournaments or so this year for a two-week stay. "Getting home is nice, but you really need two weeks to get unpacked and settled. Anything less and you're still living out of suitcases, just like being on the road," said Rachel between visits to the Magical Kingdom at Disney World. "The tour is hard at first. Everything is new, every town is a strange town. You don't know where to go, where to eat. Next year should be easier."

Neither of the Wadkinses is quite so starry-eyed as both were last March when Lanny said, "We're having so much fun you kind of worry something's going to happen." The midsummer tour through the Midwest was long and hot, the traveling began to take its toll, "and there were some bad towns." But there were good times, enough to warrant looking forward to more. "It's fun to go back to a tournament you've played well in," he said. "It sparks you up to have people shouting encouragement at you." There are friends now to rely on for com-

panionship, encouragement and needling—Miller and Heard, J. C. Snead, Bruce Fleisher, Forrest Fezler and all their wives. There is a business manager who has relieved Lanny of his off-course problems. Money is already coming in from arrangements such as the one he has with Ford.

And because Wadkins is now an exempt player he will be able to plan a more reasonable schedule for the coming year, ideally, he thinks, four or five weeks on and two weeks off. Bob Murphy tried it a different way his second year and learned what he calls a "cheap lesson" in the process.

"I set out to try to substantiate my income that year," says Murphy. "I made lots of appearances and set up outside business arrangements here and there. I did well financially but my golf went down as a result. I was trying to do all those things and still play the full schedule I'd played the year before. I'd show up for the pro-am on Wednesday and tee it up Thursday and I just couldn't do it. I call it a cheap lesson because I learned and came back the next year with \$120,000."

"It's hard to say whether Lanny will be a great player. That depends on what tournaments he wins. A great player has to win major tournaments. But there's no doubt he'll win. He has that quality. You've got to remember, though, that a lot of great players had less auspicious starts than Lanny Wadkins did."

While still an amateur, Lanny played in the 1970 Heritage Classic on the difficult Harbour Town course at Hilton Head. He surprised everyone but himself by finishing second to Bob Goalby. For Wadkins it was merely confirmation of what he had long suspected. He could play with the pros, even the best of the pros. And nothing since has happened to alter his estimation. But there is still a chapter missing from the Lanny Wadkins book—the one about adversity. Try to imagine the stories of Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson, Ken Venturi or Lee Trevino without it. Adversity will come. It does to all golfers in one form or another. The heroes in golf be always in the meeting and dealing with it.

Will his celebrated confidence hold up when the hard time comes? Five days short of his 23rd birthday Lanny Wadkins said, "I've never had a reason to feel otherwise."

END

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## Here she is, Miss Rodeo America

There they were last week, bright exotic birds in a cluster. The pink, purple, green, blue and yellow plumage was not unusual for Las Vegas, but these girls, 21 of them, were not opening in a new revue. They were present and breathing to compete for the title of Miss Rodeo America, the winning of which, as one aspirant put it, "is something every girl dreams of."

Presumably her dreams had respectable motivations, which included some \$1,700, \$6,000 worth of stock in the Mary Kay Cosmetics company, 27 complete outfits and a new saddle—although this year there was one contestant who simply explained her presence, "I just like rodeos."

The pageant was held for the fourth year at the Frontier Hotel, which volunteered in a news release that "wholesome Western-type beauties" would bring "... their skills in horsemanship for the suspenseful competition. A five-day period of trials will follow under the watchful and observing eyes of judges from IRM [International Rodeo Management Association]. Ratings will be based upon Personality, Appearance and Horsemanship." There is no hating suit competition in the Miss Rodeo America contest, but please remember that at Atlantic City they don't lie goats.

Nineteen states and Canada sent queens (Texas, reportedly being large, sent two) and the girls flitted around the pageant's registration booth in the lobby of the Frontier, flushing smiles at each other and, when in doubt, at the wall or at a chair. Occasionally the radiance dimmed and a certain squinty-eyed look, usually associated with cowboys staring down an empty main street at the bad guy, took its place, but that was pretty much confined to moments when a rival checked in and got checked out.

The contestants, finally assembled, were faintly led off to the official suite to have certain rules laid on them by coordinator Dorothy Alexander who, although new to Miss Rodeo America, is the veteran of many a Miss America triumph. "One bad incident can wreck a pageant," she said darkly, and proceeded to make sure that nothing of the sort

would occur in Nevada. The girls, two to a room, were not allowed to leave it without a chaperone. Doors were to be bolted at all times and, no matter who was knocking, were to be opened only to a chaperone. Naturally—if ironically in Las Vegas—drinking and gambling were forbidden under pain of disqualification, as were phone calls and conversations without the chaperone. No communication was permitted with parents, who were thus forced to lurk about the lobby and dining room of the Frontier in the hope of a passing glimpse of daughter and/or her competition.

Pondering all this, the girls were returned under close escort to their rooms to change for a reception to launch the festivities. This was hosted by singer Wayne Newton, and it was clear that the five-day period of trials was under way. A plain Miss America candidate would have had it all over a Miss Rodeo America hopeful at this one, as Western attire calls for gloves. Some of the girls gave up the battle with plates, hors d'oeuvres, publicity poses and the gloves and simply ate with them on, inviting unimaginable damage to their Appearance ratings.

The judges duly judged the girls eating dinner and were there again at 7:30 in the morning for breakfast. The smiling contestants took their places, and each managed a short talk about herself and her state. This seemed to kill some appetites, but tension was relieved when Fran Devereux, Miss Rodeo Arkansas, stood up and gave a lusty hog call. (Miss Devereux was subsequently elected Miss Congeniality.) At lunch, as Miss Rodeo America is expected to be able to think fast, the girls were tested by having to field questions on subjects ranging from national affairs to tricky rodeo problems. After this, each had three interviews, one for Appearance, one for Personality, one for Horsemanship.

The Appearance judges all but used a jeweler's loupe to examine the contestants. The girls first modeled their outfits (a rodeo queen's wardrobe does not, of course, include a dress) and then took off their jackets, a maneuver that would have taxed Gypsy Rose Lee, emailing, as it did, removing the gloves, unpinning



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## Chuck Ealey: champion and still winner

He led an undefeated team through high school and an undefeated team through college, but no NFL team would even give this black quarterback a chance. So he went to Canada and won a Grey Cup for Hamilton

In 1909 Earl Grey, the Governor General of Canada, not wanting to be outdone by a predecessor named Stanley, contributed a cup for the amateur rugby football championship of Canada. It was a motley, \$48 affair of soft metals coated in silver plate, when Earl Grey died in 1917 the official tribute stated: "Perhaps he will best be remembered as founder of the Earl Grey musical and dramatic competitions."

Whatever happened to Earl Grey's cultural contributions, last week his Grey Cup served once more as annual justification for a seven-day Canadian blow-out that threatened to raise the roof off trim little Hamilton (pop. 300,000). Ever since Calgary fans arrived in Toronto in 1948 in a 17-car train full of chuck wagons and flapjacks, cowboys and cowgirls, and started an impromptu parade, the Grey Cup has been revered as a bastion of national unity. Packed into one frantic week in Hamilton were the Grey Cup parade, the largest annual parade in Canada; the Miss Grey Cup contest,

with *Bowanza's* Lorne Greene doing the Bert Parks bit, and the Grey Cup dinner, open to an intimate closed-circuit-TV crowd that filled two hotel ballrooms. Canada's most revered football awards were given out there last Thursday in true Oscar fashion—the two finalists in each category in black tie, arty film strips of their exploits, and the drum roll, the sealed envelope. The week was referred to in the papers as the "Grand National Drunk" and police made it perfectly clear that as long as you did not go around yelling "Fare!" in crowded bars, you could do as you pleased. And people did. One enterprising politician campaigned by passing out complementary Alka-Seltzer. And, oh yes, at the end of the hangover the Hamilton Tiger-Cats and the Saskatchewan Roughriders of the Canadian Football League played a championship game for Earl Grey's cheery trophy.

Grey Cup sites are picked two years in advance and the coincidental presence of a home team this season only con-

pounded the madness. Hamilton is roughly comparable to Pittsburgh or Green Bay, depending on whether you are discussing its steel industry or its obsession with football. The mayor is a former sportscaster, and more than 15,000 people jammed King Street for an old-fashioned collegiate pep rally the night before the final eastern playoff game two weeks ago. The city is just as proud of its blue-collar image. Its trademark is a lunch pail and its float in Saturday's parade was pulled by a tractor disguised as a yellow hard hat. The town won the bidding for the 1972 Grey Cup because the CFL's Hall of Fame was opening there and because recently renovated Ivor Wynne Stadium had the nation's largest capacity (34,000) and one of its three artificial fields. Besides, for the Dominion, Hamilton is a warm-weather site, approximating the balmy temperatures in nearby Buffalo. In comparison, Regina, the home of the Roughriders, is 500 miles farther north.

The Tiger-Cats are no strangers to these classics. Notorious for overwhelming defenses based around mammoth tackles, they had appeared in 10 Grey Cups and won five between 1953 and 1967. But since 1968, although they always made the playoffs, they failed to survive them. Hamilton continued, however, to assemble the most intriguing cast of characters to be found on any team on either side of the border.

The senior personality is 6' 4", 285-pound Angelo Mosca, a friendly Notre Dame alum who has been the bad boy of the league ever since, as he puts it, he "buffed out" a British Columbia player in Vancouver in the 1963 cup game. *DIRTY PLAYER DIRTY STAR*, a local newspaper headlined it. Mosca discusses the incident now with a sheepish smile. "It bothered me until I learned I could capitalize on it," he says. "Now I'm a household word in Canada." So he plans to retire from football this year and go into wrestling fulltime, where,



EALEY, THE ROOKIE, LAUGHS WITH TOMMY-JOE COFFEY, HIS GRANDFATHER RECEIVER



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he explains, "I can make \$50,000 at the drop of a hat."

While Mosca helped maintain the tradition of a strong Hamilton defense, the offense sagged badly in the last few seasons. To remedy the situation this year, Hamilton hired a new coach, Jerry Williams of the late Philadelphia Eagles—or, rather, late of the Philadelphia Eagles—and suddenly the Tiger-Cats became aggressive again. They led the league in scoring behind an all-conference rookie black quarterback, who threw to, among others, a grandfather and the oldest player in the CFL—and these pensioners are not one and the same.

The grandfather is Tommy-Joe Coffey, an alumnus of West Texas State, who, in August, surpassed Raymond Berry's world-record total reception mark and the 10,000-yard receiving barrier on the same play. "And 13 years ago they told me I was too slow," he says. Grandfather Coffey is, however, almost a year junior to his receiving cohort, a balding, bespectacled, puny 36-year-old college educator named Garney Henley.

A lecturer in physical education at nearby Guelph University, Henley has been a perennial all-star safety ever since leaving little Huron (S. Dak.) College in 1960, but this year, because of his speed—at 36, mind you, his speed—Williams moved him to wide receiver to jazz up the offense. It was a perceptive shift, and Henley was named the league's Most Outstanding Player.

Yet youth will be served—and not only lots of liquor during Grey Cup week. The catalyst for Hamilton's success was the rookie, Chuck Ealey, from the University of Toledo. "He's the great equalizer," Montreal General Manager J. I. Albrecht said last week. "He's the difference between winning and losing."

Ealey went to Canada after he was not included among the 442 players selected in last February's NFL draft. Many have suggested that an NFL prejudice against black quarterbacks was the determining factor in his rejection by all 26 teams. George Talaferro, an assistant to the president of Indiana University, who created no controversy when he was an NFL black quarterback two decades ago (briefly, with the Colts), said point-blank two years ago: "This country is not at a point where it will accept a black quarterback leading its finest white boys."

Ealey himself, simply and directly,

says: "I suppose that could be a possible reason I wasn't drafted, but I'd hate to think that it was."

NFL team officials provide a variety of explanations now. There were rumors at the time that Ealey had received sizable offers from Canada and, because the scouts had cordoned Ealey as too short and/or possessing a weak, scatter arm, he could not possibly be more than a 10th-round choice. Thus, as the excuses go, he was not worth bidding for against a Canadian team.

But too small? Ealey measures out at 6' 195, which puts him in a class with Sonny Jurgensen, Fran Tarkenton and Johnny Unitas. A poor arm? In college he passed more accurately than Joe Namath, Mike Phipps, Archie Manning or Terry Bradshaw. did—and Ealey had a longer average gain per completion than Namath, Manning or John Reaves, the all-time college total passing yardage leader who was drafted in the first round last year.

Well, say the scouts, statistics do not mean a thing, it is intangibles that count. For a quarterback, that means winning, the standard that made Unitas and Otto Graham legendary and Jurgensen and Tarkenton questionable commodities. Yet here Charles Ealey Jr. is without peer. In three years of high school play, his team was 30-0; in three years at Toledo, the Rockets were 35-0.

At Hamilton, Ealey did not start until the third game, and then he actually lost two straight games, which dropped the Tiger-Cats to 1-3, 2½ games out of first. Then Ealey started the familiar business of winning all over again. He led Hamilton to 10 straight victories and a first-place finish in the Eastern Conference. In a two-game, total-point playoff series with Ottawa, he brought the Tiger-Cats from a 19-7 deficit to a 27-27 tie at the end of seven quarters. Then Hamilton's teen-age placekicker, Ian Sunter, booted home a field goal to put the Tiger-Cats in the Grey Cup and perpetuate the Ealey phenomenon.

As at Toledo, he is known as Mr. Cool. "I've never seen a rookie show so much poise, so much discipline, so much unassuming confidence in himself," says Coffey. "I can't see how the NFL let him get away, but I'm sure glad they did."

"He'd make it in the NFL. I have no doubts," says Williams. "The scouts might have concluded that he could only

be a roll-out type because that's all they saw him do at Toledo. When he first came up here he left the pocket too early, but it wasn't long before he was sitting in there and picking out the right receiver. Still, we have some pass patterns predicated on seven seconds that call for him to move around. They're primarily effective against the zone, which Saskatchewan plays most of the time."

As soon as the game started—following a ceremonial kickoff by the current Governor General, with the sixth Earl Grey holding—Ealey threatened to make it no contest for Hamilton. He passed 16 yards to Running Back Dave Fleming to conclude a 52-yard drive, and then moments later the 19-year-old Sunter, a Scottish immigrant, kicked a 27-yard field goal to make it 10-0.

But Saskatchewan fought back behind Ron Lancaster, who has led the team since 1963, completing more passes for more yards and more touchdowns than any other quarterback in CFL history. Mixing short passes with runs by George Reed, Canada's all-time leading ground-gainer from Washington State, Lancaster got the Roughriders a 10-10 tie by halftime—and it was still that way with just under two minutes left in the game when the Tiger-Cats took over the ball again on their own 15. There are no timeouts in Canadian football, only three downs, and the field is 110 yards long, so overtime seemed a certainty. And then Chuck Ealey started to work his winning magic.

For the first time in the game, he crossed up the Roughriders and went to Tight End Tony Gabriel for three straight first downs into Saskatchewan territory. A two-yard pickup then made it second and eight with less than 40 seconds remaining, and this time Ealey found Henley, who made a great sliding catch for the first down at the Roughriders 26. One ball-control play later, as the clock ran out, the callow Sunter casually pounded home the winning field goal: 13-10, Hamilton.

Half an hour later, Ealey stood by his locker, dripping in champagne. Earl Grey's trophy on the bench next to him. To go with his rookie-of-the-year award, he had also earned a new car as the Grey Cup's most valuable player. And he could not keep a slight smile from flickering across his face. "I wonder what the NFL is thinking now?" the winner asked.

END

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FISHING / William Hjortsberg

## Snow job on Western trout

When I first moved to Montana and saw the Chamber of Commerce billboards outside Livingston boasting of Calamity Jane's home and "365 days of fine trout fishing," I was dubious. For one thing, I knew that Jane's residency had been limited to an occasional barge and ended when she was escorted to the railway depot by a crowd of indignant matrons and the sheriff of the town which now so proudly claims her. Also, I was raised back East and learned to fly-fish in the mountain tributaries of the Esopus in upstate New York, where the dates of the trout season were as rigidly fixed as those of the school year, its inverse time span. There was plenty to fly-fish in New York through the winter—tobogganing, snowball wars, skiing—but it was no time for trout.

And so I have always thought of trout fishing in terms of open and closed seasons. It seemed the most a trout fisherman could do in winter was work at his tying bench, stockpiling favorite patterns for spring while dreaming of catching giant browns half a world away in Argentina, where it was summer. No wonder the billboard made me skeptical. Winter trout fishing might be legal, but it certainly wouldn't be possible.

It didn't take long to check on the legality of the situation. Almost all lakes and reservoirs in Montana, as well as the major waterways, are open to fishing all year. Certainly, many of the blue ribbon trout streams have 365-day seasons for one kind of fishing or another: sections of the Big Hole, the Missouri, the Madison and the Yellowstone. There is plenty of water to fish in the winter, but after experiencing my first September blizzard the entire notion began to seem a mere theoretical.

It turned out to be a matter of timing. I had things to learn about Rocky Mountain weather. Accustomed to those Eastern winters, when the snow is crusty with ice and the bare trees and bleak skies bring out the Ethan Frome in all of us, I was not prepared for crisp, dry, windless weather between storms when a temperature reading in the teens seems

comfortable. When the mercury hits 30° it is balmy enough to leave your coat at home. I also did not know about the chinook, the warm southwestern wind that can change sub-zero weather into mid-winter springtime overnight. When a chinook is blowing the thermometer can climb from 20° below on a Monday to over 50° above by Wednesday. But it can also work the other way, as I found out last Christmas afternoon.

The sun was shining and the temperature was about 35°. It seemed like a good time to go fishing. I huddled my gear into the pickup and drove to a favorite spot less than five miles distant. By the time I had rigged up and waded into the current, the sky was overcast, the north wind was whistling and the temperature had dropped 20 degrees. I had to take off my gloves to cast, and after working out 40 feet of line false-casting, my hand turned the color of an eggplant and the wind drove my fly into the back of my knitted cap like a feathered bullet. Not wanting to lose an ear, much less the use of a hand, I sloshed back to the truck, thinking of eggnog and the colorful litter of gift wrappings under the tree. It was soon snowing.

Clearly, midwinter trout fishing is a specialized form of art. Although on sunny days a tiny black nudge known locally as a snow fly will hatch on the river, dry flies are not recommended. About the only thing rising will be whitefish. The big trout are in the deeper pools, and sinking lines, short leaders and weighted wet flies are needed. Many fishermen prefer to use 30-foot shooting heads backed with monofilament, as a delicate approach is of absolutely no help. You can splash the surface all you want, the fish are too deep to care.

A trip made to the Big Hole on another day best illustrates the high points and hazards of winter fly-fishing. The temperature was no more than 20° but the day was still and clear, the sky as blue and cloudless as a scene from an airline calendar. On warmer afternoons the rivers are often full of slush ice, broken loose from the shore; too much of this can make fish-

ing impossible. I fished downstream, using a big Muddler Minnow, and every third cast the guides on my rod would ice up so solidly that the line would not move. Stopping to free your line by carefully breaking the accumulated ice out of the rod guides becomes a major part of winter trout fishing.

In spite of its name, the Big Hole is not a very large stream, the available water can be covered with short, easy casts. But it is perhaps one of the most picturesque trout streams in the country. It brings to memory all those glossy photos in sporting magazines, and suddenly you realize that in reality it is infinitely better. I mention this to explain why I fished for almost four hours, having to stop every five or six minutes to warm my hands in my pockets and clear the ice-clogged guides, without having a single strike.

Then, as the sun was setting, I caught a handsome brown between two and three pounds. I admired him for a moment held against the sky, wishing that I carried a camera as my tackle vest like my more resourceful friends. Then I released the fish, keeping him upright in the icy current with my hands while he regained his strength. This is good for the soul but very hard on fingers.

Feeling this catch to be a proper conclusion to the day, I started back toward the truck, not paying particular attention as I waded the knee-deep river. The bottom was covered with round stones, slick with moss, and in an instant I lost my balance and was sitting down in the stream. The top of my head was all that remained dry. I drained my waders on reaching the shore but I had almost a mile to walk, and with the sun down it was getting very cold. By the time I arrived at the pickup, my clothes were frozen solid. I felt like a man encased in a suit of armor. I could hardly bend my elbows or knees. The fact that I had a change of clothing in the truck involved no particular precedence on my part; I had planned on spending the night, not falling in the river.

On the whole it is best to fish during the nice days, but trout can be caught on flies even in the foulest weather, as I discovered on a trip to Meagher County in February. A friend, who is a local guide, knew of an artificial lake on private land near the north fork of the Musselshell reputedly teeming with giant cutthroat and four-pound brookies. Its of-

ficial name is Flagstaff Lake, but it is popularly known as Holiday Lake because for various obscure reasons the owner allows his friends to fish it only from New Year's Day until the end of February. This was the epitome of winter trout fishing.

A lake that is closed 10 months of the year is always an exciting prospect no matter what the weather. So, ignoring storm warnings, three of us set out before dawn one Sunday morning. Two hours later when we reached White Sulphur Springs we were driving in a blizzard. Passing a pair of snowplows at work on the highway made us doubt our original intentions and we sat out the worst of the storm over breakfast at a nearby truck stop. It was no longer snowing when we reached the turnoff, but even so there was a walk of two miles or more from the highway into the lake, and the wind was blowing so fiercely that ground squalls made visibility next to nothing. It was a day that even the most devout snowmobiler would have avoided.

Yet, we hadn't come this far to turn back and soon were trudging forward, bent into the wind, using our rod tubes as alpenstocks and looking more like Sherpas than trout fishermen. There were the usual witticisms concerning our sanity. At one point we came upon a herd of miserable ice-coated cows that stared at us in disbelief.

Holiday Lake was almost completely frozen except for about an acre of open water at the upper end at the mouth of a small stream. We fished in the lee of a high bank, casting our weighted Woolly Worms out among the bleached stems of several dead willows showing above the surface. Naturally, we hung up a lot; the high wind made casting accuracy impossible and quantities of flies were lost. There was the annoyance of numb fingers and frozen guides. But we built a fire and heated a pot of venison chili. Any outdoorsman knows the delights of a tincupful of hot stew on a cold day, so I'll save the campfire clichés.

By afternoon my friends had caught three cutthroats, all over two pounds. I was skunked. But you don't need to catch trout for a fishing trip to be successful. Just being out with fly rod on a day that ordinarily would have served only for tying-bench reveries of caddis hatches in the golden afternoons of summer is reward enough.

END

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## A.D. proves that 6 x 6 equals No. 1



GOODY, 15, SO LONG, 14. SOUTHERN CAL'S ANTHONY DAVIS IS TOUCHDOWN SOUND

Well, it looks like One is One and ever more shall be—at least until New Year's Day—thanks to Davis and Newton and Langner.

One, as in No. 1, is personnel-rich University of Southern California, a principality on the West Coast of the United States which beat 10th-ranked Notre Dame 45-23 Saturday to round out the regular season as the nation's lone undefeated major college team.

Davis, as in Anthony Davis, is the sophomore USC tailback who held the ball out in front of himself—and wiggled it one way while going another—when threatened, danced on his knees when triumphant, and scored a miraculous six touchdowns against the harassed Irish.

And Bill Newton and David Langner are the Auburn combination that blocked two fourth-quarter punts (Newton) and ran the resultant squibbles back for touchdowns (Langner) to upset hitherto-undefeated Alabama 17-16 and confirm USC's Onchood absolutely.

When Alabama led 16-0 after three quarters, it appeared that Bear Bryant had maneuvered the Tide into a New Year's shot at the national title, but there was one flaw in the Alabama athletic program. Newton found it twice and so it was back to the drawing board for the Bear no matter what his forces do against Texas in the Cotton Bowl.

The Trojans still face Ohio State in what may be a provocative Rose Bowl, but the big No. 1 is now virtually wrapped up—and any individual who has the speed, moves and blocking to score six touchdowns against Notre Dame could probably run over to the Ohio State bench, call Woody Hayes a pinko and get away with it.

Actually, if Davis' touchdown pace had not slackened off after the first quarter he would have scored 12. But six is still pretty good—one short of the NCAA record established by Mississippi's Showboat Boykin in 1951—and one of Davis' entailed a 97-yard run on the opening kickoff. Another one, a 96-yard return of a kickoff near the end of the third period, was the turning point of the game.

A.D., as Davis likes to be called, had already scored four times by then—and trotted to the other end of the field to kick off for the Trojans each time, just to keep his foot in—but all except one of the extra-point attempts had failed, so USC's total was only 25. And Notre Dame, trailing 19-10 at the half, had chosen the third quarter in which to make its big comeback move. Mike Townsend had intercepted two passes and Tom Clements had passed to Gary Diminick, and Mike Creaney for touchdowns, USC's Steve (Sure As) Fate had broken up a two-point pass try, but the

score was 25-23 and the Irish had whatever you call that stuff—momentum—working for them. The game bade fair to become a reversal of USC's 1964 upset of undefeated Notre Dame.

So Davis took the kickoff on the four, dashed straight ahead into the blocking wedge as he had done with the opener, squeezed through a narrow gap between desperate, grasping tacklers and suddenly was past most of the Irish, who had streaked way downfield under the high, floating kick. As he had on his 97-yarder, Davis made for the left sideline. ("They were big and tough in the middle," Davis said after the game.) One tackler was coming at him with a good angle, but Davis responded by putting the ball out in front of himself. ("I just jack the ball up and down," he explained, "and whichever way they go, I go the other.") He feinted to the inside and then stepped out of the diving tackle. A second pursuer took a flyer at him but he high-stepped his way through and then it was just a matter of opening the throttle. "I have three accelerations," he said in the locker room. "One when I get the ball, one when I get to the line and one when I get to the open."

Once in the end zone, Davis did his knee dance. It's a little something new he has come up with—perhaps to distinguish himself from Showboat Boykin. He slides into the end zone as if he were steal-

roobound

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ing home and then does a sort of Charleston on his knees. It must have soothed Notre Dame's feelings immensely.

On the first play of the fourth quarter, the Trojans having regained possession on an interception, Davis started around left end and then cut back for eight yards and his sixth six-pointer. By the time Southern Cal reached the Irish three-inch line in the closing minutes its lead was so secure that another back—Sam (Bum) Cunningham—was allowed to score, despite the crowd's pleas of "We want Davis."

"Davis is the greatest I've ever seen on kickoff returns in college," said Ara Parseghian later. He neglected to mention that A.D. had also rushed for 99 yards from scrimmage, caught two passes for 51 yards and refrained from kicking off into any touchdowns.

Davis is 5' 9", weighs 190 and lives alone in an off-campus apartment where he meditates before each game. Facially he resembles D.J. Simpson. The world did not care much about these bits of in-

formation at the beginning of the season, when Davis weighed but 184 and was third string. Only after injuries to junior Rod McNeill and fellow sophomore Allen Carter did Davis become a starter. And yet he ran for 1,034 yards this season, the first time a USC sophomore has reached 1,000. Asked why Davis had not been discovered earlier, USC Quarterback Mike Rue (who is one of 23 Catholics on the squad and whose uncle is the accountant for a Catholic church in Chicago) said, "In the spring he had to run against our line." No one knew how fast he was because the only time he had been timed in the 40-yard dash he had a pulled hamstring. Still, he managed a 4.6, which should have told the coaches something. The football-watching world knows how fast he is now, and if he has any more afternoons like Saturday during the next two seasons USC football history before 1972 may be referred to as B.A.D.—Before A.D.

But USC also owed a lot last week to Auburn, which has been referred to pub-

licly as a "cow college" and whose coach, down-to-earth Shug Jordan, says, "I decided when I became head coach I wasn't going to concern myself with the people in New York or Hollywood."

Saturday in Birmingham, Shug and his boys concerned themselves with the people from Tuscaloosa, whose coach, the Bear, was the one who called Auburn a cow college. He put it rather complementarily—"I'd rather beat the cow college once than Texas 10 times," he said recently. But Auburn's reaction was summed up by Tailback Terry Henley: "I think it's low down for him to call our school a cow college."

So a bunch of fired-up Tigers went out and made seven first downs, 50 yards rushing and 30 passing against the Tide. "We could have played all day and Auburn wouldn't have scored on our defense," said Alabama Linebacker Chuck Strickland. But Alabama had reckoned without the cow college's punt-blocking attack. "I did the same thing on both punts," said Linebacker Newton, who

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also made 11 individual tackles and assisted on 11 others. "Instead of coming right at the tackle I lined up outside him and looped inside. Nobody touched me either time."

Langner, who ran 20 and 25 yards with the blocked punts, said, "I didn't know what to think. It scared me to death. They just bounced right into my hands. All I had to do was run." Langner might have had a third touchdown after intercepting his second pass late in the game to stop an Alabama threat, but he went for a sure kneeling catch rather than try to run it back.

"Wasn't no use to run with it," he said. "We had the game won anyway."

"I've been teaching punt protection for a long time," said Bryant. "I'm still proud of our players. I'm just sorry I didn't teach them better."

Just as Southern California and Auburn found success by breaking down their opponents' kicking games, so did Army succeed against Navy. The Cadets took

control in their 23-15 victory when Tim Plister blocked a third-quarter field-goal attempt and Scott Beatty ran the ball 84 yards for a touchdown. Bob Hines led the Army offense with 172 yards rushing and a touchdown. Boston College junked its air attack against Holy Cross and ran off to a 41-11 victory. The Eagles rushed for 453 yards.

Georgia Tech Quarterback Eddie McAshan did a disappearing act two days before the Georgia game "because of some very serious problems," and Coach Bill Fulcher went with inexperienced Jim Stevens. The punchless Yellow Jackets lost 27-7. Tulane came within inches of upsetting Louisiana State before 85,372 people, the largest night crowd in the history of college football. LSU preserved its 9-3 win when the Green Wave ran out of time just short of the Tiger goal. Florida scored twice within 46 seconds of the fourth quarter on a one-yard run and a 54-yard return of a pass interception in defeating Miami 17-6. Haskell Stanback scored three touch-

downs and gained 143 yards as Tennessee defeated Vanderbilt 30-10.

Southern Mississippi came alive to tie Memphis State 14-14 after surrendering two touchdowns in the first quarter. Grambling bombed North Carolina Central 56-6 in the initial Pelican Bowl to claim the collegiate championship of black schools.

Oklahoma had no trouble with Oklahoma State, rolling up a 24-0 lead by halftime and winning 38-15. Joe Washington and Leon Crosswhite gained 109 and 106 yards respectively, while Greg Pruitt, still nursing an injured ankle, was limited to a mere nine yards in four carries.

SMU beat TCU 35-22 to finish 7-4 for the season and tie Texas Tech for second in the Southwest Conference, while Baylor defeated Rice 28-14. That gave the Bears a 5-6 record, heady stuff for them. San Diego State, trailing 14-7 in the fourth quarter, rallied to upset Iowa State 27-14. And from Honolulu, Stanford 39, Hawaii 7, Aloha.

END

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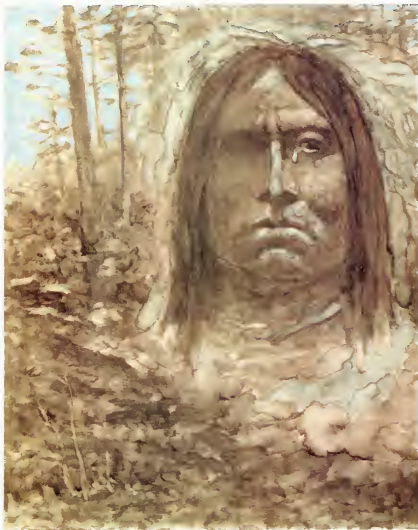
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# Final Rendezvous on



# Seven Mountains

by BIL GILBERT

*A year's end journey to the rugged Allegheny country of Pennsylvania—America's first frontier—where, as the old folktale goes, in the waning bitter-cold days of 1799 the wood buffalo gathered for the last time before thundering off into oblivion*



CONTINUED

DECEMBER 26—THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS

**T**he Juniata River is to the south, the Susquehanna and West Branch of the Susquehanna to the east and north. The area is known locally as the Seven Mountains for the seven Appalachian ridges—Tuscarora, Shade, Jacks, Tussey, Nittany, White Deer and Bald Eagle—that run through it. The mountains rise in the west out of a great knot of Allegheny highlands and are separated by valleys through which flow small rivers and large streams that empty into the Susquehanna. Taken together, the highlands, ridges and valleys form a defiant fist of land 60 miles wide and twice as long.

These are old mountains; there were towering peaks here when the land that was to become the Cascades, Sierras and Tetons lay under water. What is left of them is 2,000-foot mabs, skeletons of mountains. Their gnarled flanks are cut by mean, traplike ravines, littered with sharp ledges, pitted with sinks, oozing seeps and highland bogs. They are covered with a thick growth of oak, laurel and greenbrier that is as hard to move through as mesquite. The climate may not be the best or worst, but it is among the most unpredictable. In the summer the Seven Mountains are a jungle. A man trying to bushwhack up a ridge will sweat like a horse in the humid, stuffy air. But snow and gales can come as early as October, come suddenly in a howling blizzard that drops the temperature 50° below freezing and piles hip-deep drifts in the hollows. Within a week a cold, driving rain may have converted the snow to fog, mist and slides of mud.

On a topographic map of the Seven Mountains there are extensive areas crossed only by trails, showing few if any signs of permanent human habitation. The empty places are designated as state forest or game land. This is such hard country that no one has been able to take much pleasure or profit from it.

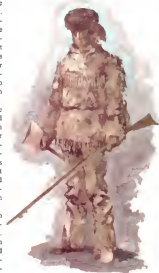
The blank places on the map are honest ones. Many Indian tribes and nations hunted and fought through this country, but none were able or wanted to stay long enough to establish sovereignty over it. Europeans tried to break the mountains for more than two centuries. Yet it is still wild. It was here, in this hard fist of land, that a group of European peasants became American frontiersmen.

What happened on the Seven Mountains in the 18th century is seldom mentioned in popular histories. It has now become a folk myth, in part because events of that time and place tend to contradict popular history. For example, we have the notion that our forebears landed on

the Atlantic Coast and immediately commenced their long but always triumphant progress to the Pacific. By virtue of their superior technology, ingenuity and grit, they overwhelmed the continent and its inhabitants and lived easily and well off the land. All of which is untrue. For better than a century, a third of the time white men have been here, they huddled on the coastal plains, unable or unwilling to leave the sea and their lifeline to Europe. They did not have the skills nor, frankly, the stomach to cope with the interior wilderness. They were pathetically dependent upon Europe for tools, weapons, clothing and even food, for their books, politics, religion, physical and psychic security. They did not try to find their way in the woods; instead, they hired or blackmailed Indians into guiding and caring for them. For their part the Indians apparently distrusted the Atlantic colonists because of their tactics and inclinations, but they were not in awe of them as men. For the best part of a century and a half the Huron, Shawnee, Delaware, Cherokee and the Iroquois Confederation, assisted by a few French advisers, rather contemptuously kept the more numerous Atlantic colonists pinned to their harbors and penned up in their fortified towns.

One difficulty was that the first emigrant boats were overloaded with gentry or would-be gentry who because of their pretensions and inexperience were too soft and squeamish for hand-to-hand wrestling with the wilderness.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS B. ALLAN



There was an oversupply of second sons, failed royalists, bankrupt shopkeepers, essayists, poets and a great excess of divines. In short, far too many chiefs and, so to speak, far too few Indians. White Indians, or at least those who had the makings of white Indians—Scottish, Irish and German peasants—did not begin to arrive until early in the 18th century with the second wave of immigrants, second class. The majority of these foreigners headed for Pennsylvania. There in the colony and City of Brotherly Love they were welcomed coldly by the local nabobs. "Bold and indigent strangers," said a Pennsylvania official of these scraggly newcomers. At the time bold meant uncouth and indigent meant immoral. "White savages," sniffed a young Ben Franklin.

In general the newcomers had the choice of living on the coast and remaining what they had always been—clients, tenants, servants of the gentry—or moving west beyond the reach of surveyors, lawyers and bankers. Many of them opted for the wilderness. In the second quarter of the 18th century they arrived on what was then called the Middle Border, the valley of the Sus-

quehanna, in which stood the Seven Mountains. On this border, against the fist, they beat themselves and were beaten bloody for the rest of the century. In those early years they were scalped, raped, burned and starved; they died of fever, gangrene and exposure; they went mad from pain, murdered each other, became alcoholics and suicides. Yet because they were desperate for land and independence they stayed and learned to do what they had to do: how and why to take a scalp, to follow a deer trail, to kill deer, to make and wear buckskin, to jerk venison, to travel a week on a pocketful of jerky and corn, to use a double-bitted ax, to pry out stumps, to split logs. Among other things, because they had to have them, they invented what in later times and more romantic circumstances were known as the Kentucky long rifle, the Conestoga wagon and the bowie knife. They trained in this hard country, and utilized all they had learned there to move on, taking the whole continent in another 75 years.

Not only were peculiar tools and skills developed on the Middle Border but also a set of uniquely American attitudes: *The only good Indian is a dead Indian. Root hog or die. Fish or cut bait. That which is not useful is vicious.* The frontier tools and tricks have long since become obsolete, but the ideas are still in everyday use. If one were looking for the source from which still flows the mainstream of American culture and character, he would be well advised to leave behind the coastal atheneums and boxwood mazes, where Europe pattered out, and search among the Seven Mountains, where America began.

#### DECEMBER 27—ON THE BUFFALO PATH

There is often both a nostalgic and srag, self-serving tone to place-names along the coast: Plymouth, Providence, New Jersey, Baltimore, Jamestown, Georgetown, Virginia, Carolina. From the Middle Border westward, names tend to be more contemporaneous and descriptive—Hungry Mother Mountain, Horse Thief Basin, Dead Indian Springs, Poison Spider, Hangtown; even such commonplace as Fishing Creek, Middle Valley, Sugar Grove constitute a kind of spontaneous, topographic journalism. Read in this way there is a recurring theme to be found in the maps of the Seven Mountains. There are at least three ridges called Buffalo Mountain, a Buffalo Gap, a Buffalo Flats, a Bull Hollow. Lewisburg, a principal town in the area (the home of the Bucknell University Bisons), sits at the mouth of Buffalo Creek, which flows through Buffalo Valley in which there is the hamlet of Buffalo Cross Roads and a Buffalo Church. The names recall a largely forgotten fact, that until 200 years ago, and no one knows how long before that, the Seven Mountains was a pivotal area for enormous herds of wood bison.

The Eastern animal was larger, darker and probably less numerous than the better-known plains buffalo, of which at one time there may have been 60 million moving together in great seas of flesh. Nevertheless, the wood bison were by no means rare. There may have been half a million animals in the Eastern herd that ranged from the Gulf Coast to Canada. The wood buffalo were migratory, moving north and south along the flanks of the Appalachians as the seasons changed. The bulk of the herd,

which wintered in Georgia, Alabama and on the Gulf plain, would start north in the late winter, and some of the animals would continue until they reached the Great Lakes (thus Buffalo, N.Y.). The Seven Mountains sat astride the principal migration route and also served as a major dispersal area. When the herd reached this point in the spring many small groups, called families by the Indians and later the frontiersmen, left the march, turned westward up the valleys and sought out small sheltered upland meadows where they foraged and calved during the spring and summer. These families numbered several hundred head of cows, immature animals of both sexes and always a few buffalo steers who had been castrated by wolves that hung on the flanks of the migrating herds. A big, experienced bull invariably led the families.


In the fall, when the migration was reversed, the Seven Mountains was a rendezvous. Trickle of buffalo would begin to flow east and south out of the mountains toward the Susquehanna Valley where they would join other families and form the migratory river. It was said that in the fall the mountains rang with buffalo music, that the bull leaders would stand on the ridges, bellowing and, by inference, listening for the bellows of their distant colleagues. It was supposed that in this way the bulls were informed of each other's presence and progress, and would adjust their pace to meet at the Seven Mountains and without delay continue from there southward.

Being creatures of habit who generation after generation followed the same routes, the wood bison stamped out a series of broad trails through the Appalachians that were afterward used by all manner of other traveling creatures. Most of these trails are no longer recognizable as such. Some have washed away, some have been overgrown or obliterated by rockslides and floods. Some are modern roadbeds. (The lead bulls apparently had a keen instinct for contour.) However, here and there, especially in remote places such as the Seven Mountains, disconnected bits and pieces of the old trails remain.

What seems to be a surviving buffalo path crosses Nitary Ridge in one of the gaps of Seven Notch Mountain, wanders across tableland through a place called Buffalo Flats, intersects in a hemlock forest the headwaters of Buffalo Creek, follows it through a narrow mossy gorge called Buffalo Gap, down into the Buffalo Valley. The buffalo path is now infrequently used and is impassable for vehicles and horsemen. It is not even a good place for pleasure hiking. Laurel has encroached on the path and erosion has gulched across it.

Though in the valley it is warm, muddy, almost balmy, in the mountains a thin layer of ice, like grease on an old skillet, covers the buffalo path. Like so many things on the Seven Mountains there is an in-between quality to the sheath of ice that makes it difficult to move upon. It is not thick enough to hold crampons, yet too slippery to hold boots. In places the path is sunken, ditchlike. There are sizable ledges, flat shields of rock on the mountain, bare spots on which nothing grows but lichens. A man wanting to climb Seven Notch Mountain would have had a trail more or less straight between these rocks. But the buffalo were in no hurry, and ate as they traveled. Therefore the buffalo path snakes around, often circling the rocks be-

*continued*



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#### Seven Mountains *continued*

cause at the edge of these balds in the sun there was more plentiful and succulent forage.

There is a boy—actually a young man—along on the journey. He has foregone holiday socializing, beer and girls to come out onto the slippery Seven Mountains. It seems that for his sake something should be said to emphasize this faint, overgrown path.

"You know, this is what they call a primary historical record. There were no books written about it that have lasted as well as this path the buffalo made."

"Or tell you as much about buffalo."

#### DECEMBER 28—ABOVE BUFFALO GAP

There once was a saying that when the first redbuds bloomed on Bald Eagle Mountain you could look for the herds of wild cattle moving north and west, and that they returned in the fall when the persimmons were ripe. The Middle Border settlers went out to look for them with guns and knives, killed them for the meat and hides and to keep them away from their cleanings and crops. There were men who could brag of having killed 2,000 buffalo, which meant that at least sometimes the animals were killed for fun and the tongue. Nobody could make use of the meat and hides of 2,000 buffalo, and there was little trade since there was no dependable way of shipping them east.

In consequence the herds rapidly became smaller and their migration pattern was broken. By the 1780s the craftier or perhaps more timid lead bulls refused to run the gauntlet of guns. They no longer made the semiannual rendezvous in the dangerous valleys. With their families they remained high up on the mountains and kept to their summer ranges the year around. They had no other choice, but it was a doomed response. There was not enough forage in the highland pastures to support continuous browsing, and the animals probably starved by the hundreds. What wolves and panthers were left, themselves cut off from their former range and prey, must have attacked the declining buffalo with increasing boldness and desperation. Finally, while the retreat into the highlands may have made the work of the valley hunters harder, it did not deter them. They would locate a buffalo family on the ridge, surround it and kill as many as they desired, then

*continued*

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pack the meat and hides they wanted down to the settlement.

By the winter of 1799 only one herd of buffalo remained on the Seven Mountains or, as it later developed, in all of Pennsylvania and very likely in the entire northeast quadrant of the continent. This family ranged the ridges on both sides of Buffalo Valley and was led by a bull who had been named Old Logan after the Iroquois war chief. Logan the Iroquois was described as the "most martial of all Indians" and "a man of superior talents but of deep melancholy to whom life had become a torment." He is best remembered as the author of *Logan's Lament*, a dirge that was publicized by Thomas Jefferson. *Logan's Lament* was spoken over the bodies of 13 of his family who had been murdered by Middle Borderers. It went, in part, "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." Having mourned, Logan went to war, and is reported to have taken precisely 13 white scalps. He was killed in 1780, either hushhacked by whites or by a tribesman acting as their agent.

Old Logan the buffalo was said to have been a coal-black bull of exceptional size, wariness and ferocity. Sometime in the late fall of 1799 someone had come across his herd deep in the mountains and counted them. Thus it was known that at the last the bull led a family of 345 animals.

In the flats above Buffalo Gap it is the kind of day hereabouts called iron cold. It is a descriptive phrase. The heavy low clouds are gunmetal gray, and even at noon there is no warmth in the sky, much less on the plateau itself. Buffalo Creek flows through bands of ice, and both the ice and water are metallic. Even sphagnum moss does not rustle or squish underfoot but cracks. Hoarfrost breaks the ground like crystalline fungus. The hemlocks stand stiff and rigid, and their limbs snap in the wind. On this day there are few living things to be seen—two chickadees and a cringing crow. It seems that such a place in such weather could not support much more, but in fact Old Logan and his family might have lasted out this kind of an open winter as they had others, eating bark, moss, scrub bushes and the precious few bunches of frozen bog grass. But the buffalo's luck was bad. The winter of 1799 was a terrible one, even for the Seven Mountains. The blizzards came after Thanks-

giving, and there was no thaw. By Christmas the buffalo family must have been starving or so nearly so that their hunger overcame their fear of the valley. On Christmas Day or thereabouts Old Logan led the herd down off the drifted flats.

#### DECEMBER 29—BUFFALO FIELD

Half a mile to the west of the crossroads at Port Ann, in Middle Creek Valley, there is a knoll almost under the wall of Jacks Mountain. Long ago this was called Buffalo Field, but now it is spoken of as "the place where the distillery used to be." The descendants of its first proprietor live in his farmhouse. "They stored the kegs in here," says his great-granddaughter. "I suppose this might be regarded as a historic place, but the fact is that it was a gathering place for drunks. They came for the free whiskey my grandfather and his father passed out. Then they passed out."

At least three-quarters of a century before the distillery was founded, a man named Samuel McClellan built a cabin on this knoll under Jacks Mountain. "There are still some McClellans in the valley," she says, "but I didn't know they had lived here. However, now that it's mentioned, it seems I heard, a long time ago, that story about the buffalo. Or maybe I just imagined it."

So far as recorded, or even folk history is concerned, there were only three important days in Samuel McClellan's life—the last three of the 18th century. However, because of those three days it is possible to guess other things about McClellan. He was probably then a youngish man, since he had a young wife and three children, all under five years old. It is likely that he was poor, as all the McClellans lived in an insubstantial one-room cabin that was not yet fenced and did not have outbuildings. He may have been a newcomer, at least to Middle Creek, but he had a good Middle Border name and had picked up at least one of the area's habits. It was not snowing on the morning of Dec. 29, 1799, apparently a rarity for that winter, so McClellan had taken advantage of the break in the weather to go down to the creek to cut wood. When he went, he took his gun.

With the wisdom of hindsight, we can now see that it was unfortunate that McClellan carried a gun that morning. He

had been working only a short while when Old Logan, snorting by his starving family, came snowing down the frozen creek bed, looking for food and survival. McClellan promptly killed four cows. Had things gone otherwise, he probably could have made good use of the meat, but his immediate intentions were most certainly defensive: to turn the herd away from his cabin and those of his neighbors. However, the 341 remaining buffalo stampeded down the creek until they came, with McClellan laboring along behind, to the establishment of Martin Bergstreser, a more substantial place than that of McClellan. There the buffalo, crazed with hunger, broke through a stump fence and lumbered straight to a pile of hay. Bergstreser's entire store of winter feed for his own stock. They demolished the mow in a matter of minutes, and in the process flattened a fence, a springhouse and stomped to death, so it was remembered, six cows, four calves and 35 head of sheep.

Even if the story was somewhat exaggerated in the retelling, this one incident should make it clear to any but the most incurable romantics why there have been no wild buffalo for nearly a century. Bloodlust, greed, meat and hides were secondary factors. Just one of these beasts could shred a fence, or knock over a gas pump, for that matter. And 341 of them could run a man or, in the right circumstances, a settlement. As for 60 million buffalo, the capricious energy locked in the great herds was that of an avalanche. Given what we are, we could no more share the land with them than with a wildfire. It is sometimes argued that it is a pity we became what we are, that the land would be gentler and prettier if the few of us who could live in that way were a nomadic, hunting and pastoral people. That may be true, but it is beside the point, since long before 1799 we chose otherwise. Once the decision was made, the buffalo, among other things incompatible with our ambition, was doomed.

These facts were underscored by Old Logan's family a few minutes after they had demolished Martin Bergstreser's barnyard. Bergstreser, his 18-year-old daughter Katie and McClellan killed four more of the animals, but the herd stayed until they had finished the hay. Then, pursued by the two men, the girl and a pack of yapping dogs, they fled

*continued*



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## Seven Mountains

back upstream and shortly came to the clearing around McClellan's cabin. There was no hay there, so perhaps it was sheer confusion that made the buffalo halt and stand in a milling, pawing circle in the cabin yard. Old Logan stood facing the cabin door. From inside, above the sound of the buffalo, could be heard the screams of McClellan's wife and children. Having run out of shot, McClellan rushed through the herd and, in an effort to turn the bull, attacked Old Logan with his bear knife. Old Logan charged, not the man but the cabin, crashing through the flimsy door. He was followed inside by members of his family, among them Henry Shoemaker wrote, "They were jammed into the cabin as tightly as wooden animals in a toy Noah's Ark."

But then the commotion had drawn several other neighbors, and together the men began to tear down the cabin walls. When they had opened a side, the buffalo ran out "like giant black bees from a hive." Inside, the men found the bodies of McClellan's wife and babies trampled into the earthen floor. It was said that nothing larger than a handspike remained of the interior furnishings.

McClellan's lament is not remembered. Perhaps he never made one. However, one reaction was as predictable as that of Logan the Iroquois.

Above everything else, Samuel McClellan, standing by the wreck of his cabin and his life, must have thought of vengeance, and perhaps in these first moments he was mercifully numbed by this desire. McClellan took a loaded gun from one of the neighbors, and as Old Logan emerged, he shot and killed the big bull. Shortly thereafter McClellan and Bergstresser, on borrowed horses, rode off, one up, the other down Middle Creek Valley to raise help. Others surely would have made the ride, but perhaps the greatest kindness they could show McClellan was to let him ride off alone, beating a horse through the snow.

### DECEMBER 30—JACKS MOUNTAIN

The gray clouds above Buffalo Flats have fulfilled their promise. A cold steady drizzle begins to fall during the night. It takes an act of will even to get up on such a day, a constant repetition of the act to stay on Jacks Mountain. The hemlocks, pines and bare oak all are heavy and dripping. The trails are beds of mud,

streams of slush and icy water. There is not one dry, warm, cheerful place or moment on the ridge. It is weather that defeats good gear and good intentions. Neither the body nor the mind can escape or ignore it for long.

It must have been five or six degrees colder in this same place on this same day in 1799 because snow was falling then at the rate of two or three inches an hour. It was no worse for ordinary living or travel than the rain. But, it was worse for the special business—pursuing the buffalo—that occupied the Middle Creek settlers. That morning 50 men gathered at Martin Bergstresser's ruined farm. The names of many of them were recorded: Ott, Snyder, Soukell, Young, Dean, Everhart, Fryer, Janett, Middlewarth, Benfer, Miles, two Fishers, three Swinefords. They are the names still found in valley graveyards and on valley mailboxes.

They had a hard hunt ahead of them. The new snow was deep enough to have covered the tracks of the herd. They had to go on foot, since—even if they had had them—horses would have been useless in such weather. Finally, though again it may outrage historical fancy, they were not as well prepared for mountaineering as even the casual, occasional weekend hiker of today. They would have been wearing heavy deer skin coats, buffalo robes, heavy stiff boots, perhaps moccasins that soaked up ice water like a sponge. They would have carried heavy axes, knives and muzzle-loaders. Since they intended to stay out until they found the herd, each man would have carried provisions: a sack of corn dodgers, some grease, maybe a little piece of meat. Even on such a hunt it would have been surprising if at least a few did not calculate whether the comfort of a stone jug was worth its weight.

Now they hunted, whether they split into smaller groups to cover more ground or were confident enough to guess where the buffalo would go to stay together, is not remembered. All that is known about that day is that they did not find their quarry, and that they slept the first night in the snow on the mountain.

### DECEMBER 31—THE BIG SINK

Nobody remembers who first said, "If you don't like the weather here today, wait until tomorrow," or where he lived, but if he were not a Seven Mountains

*continued*



man, he should have been. The storm has passed quickly, and just as quickly the temperature has dropped close to the zero mark and a stinging, boring northwest wind blows. It is likely that the last day of the 18th century was an identical one. It must have become bitterly cold during the night because in the morning, when the hunters started out again, the drifts were glazed over with a layer of ice thick enough to bear the weight of a man and, as it turned out, thick enough to freeze a buffalo on its tracks.

The avengers found the herd, presumably about midday, in a place that was then called the Big Sink. The name has disappeared from local usage and maps, but if it were not what is now called Bull Hollow (the name as well as the topography is suggestive), it was a place very much like it. Bull Hollow, a narrow, swampy, hemlock-choked ravine, is less than half a mile long, hollowed out of the ridgeline at the confluence of Jacks and Thick Mountain. A series of small seeps and springs rises to the west and forms a small creek that flows through the hollow. The walls of the hollow climb steeply 200 feet or so. From the ridge above, even on a bright cold day, the bottom of this mini-gorge is a dank, gloomy Transylvanian-looking place.

Despite its corallike features, the Big Sink was, given buffalo experience and instincts, a logical last refuge. The weathering had been bad for so long, some of the herd may not have eaten in nearly a week except for a few mouthfuls of Martin Bergstresser's hay. Also, with the mysterious weather sense many animals

have, they may have felt the coming blizzard and approaching cold of the next day. Finally, they probably were terrified by the men, guns, dogs and the loss of Old Logan and the eight other animals. Under the circumstances, the small gorge was perhaps as attractive a place as they could have reached in two days. It was wild and isolated and the walls would have given some protection from the wind. A few winter greens and succulents might still have been growing around the seeps and could have been pried out of the mud.

For whatever reasons, sometime during the blizzard of the 30th the herd fell into the hollow and remained there, dumbly enduring as the storm passed and the ice formed on and around them. When the hunters came to the ridgeline and looked down into the sink they saw the remaining animals locked in place by the crusted drifts. The men slid down the sides of the hollow. At first they killed the buffalo with guns, but when the extent of the great beasts' helplessness became apparent, they found it easier and less expensive in terms of powder and shot—perhaps even more satisfying—to come at them over the ice, backing them with bear knives. They cut out the animals' tongues and stuffed them into the great pockets of the deer skin coats. The job was not finished until dusk. The last wood bison herd in Pennsylvania, the last anyone was to see in the Northeast, was still on its feet, held upright by the ice. However, the buffalo were all dead or dying, their broken jaws hanging agape, their throats tongueless. It was said, and certainly

must have been true since the weather had not moderated, that the ice in the bottom of the sink "resembled a sheet of crimson glass."

When they were finished the men climbed back to the ridgeline. There they pulled together a large pile of dead wood and lit it as a signal to those waiting in the valley below that vengeance had been had; that the buffalo were no more. Later that night, perhaps after they had roasted some of the buffalo tongues, the party marched down into the valley. It is remembered, singing hymns. There cannot have been another New Year's Eve procession like it—50 blood-soaked men, cold with winter and grief but inevitably hot from the excitement of slaughter and self-righteousness, singing as they walked through the night down a frozen mountain into a new century. Yet, despite the portentousness of it all, it seems like a mistake to look for or force a moral on the history of Old Logan, Samuel McClellan, Logan and their families. True tragedies are not morality plays. They are always stories of necessity.

#### FOOTNOTES

The extraordinary events leading up to the killing of the last herd of wood bison on the last day of the 18th century became a tale, to be told and retold on the Seven Mountains throughout the 19th century. One day in New Berlin, in 1903, Flavie Bergstresser, the great-great-grandson of Martin Bergstresser, told it to Henry W. Shoemaker, a noted Pennsylvania folklorist and author. In three essays, *A Pennsylvania Bison Hunt*, *Extract Animals of Pennsylvania* and *More Pennsylvania Mammals*, Shoemaker recalled portions of this conversation. There are certain omissions and some discrepancies in the narrative, which is not surprising since when he spoke to Shoemaker, Flavie Bergstresser was a man of nearly 80 years, telling of something he had been told had happened more than a century before. Drawing upon other records and circumstantial evidence, and by making certain deductions, some of these gaps have been filled, creatively but not capriciously. But my main debt is to Henry Shoemaker, not only for preserving the story, but for having in a sense been a writer companion and guide on the journey to the Seven Mountains, along the Buffalo Path, in Buffalo Field and the Big Sink. END

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## THE READERS TAKE OVER

## DENVER'S VOTE

Sirs:

I enjoyed Jerry Kirshenbaum's article on the Denver Olympics (*Facing a Swift Re-Take*, Nov. 20), but I must disagree with his conclusion, wherein he states, "It was not a vote against the Olympics, per se. . . . It was a vote against sporting facilities that cost taxpayers millions of dollars and work against essential conservation attitudes. . . ."

If this is so, then the people are being very hypocritical in their attitude. Essentially they are saying that, sure the Olympics are OK, but we'll just sit by and watch others bear the burden for our enjoyment. I believe that it was a vote against the Olympics in general, possibly having been influenced by the unfortunate events at the Munich Games.

In the end, the vote of the Colorado people may be a blessing in disguise, for now the way has been cleared for the Olympics to be moved to a site that is truly interested in promoting the Olympic spirit, like Lake Placid, N.Y.

RICHARD JONES

Schenectady

Sirs:

When a nation as loud-mouthed about its greatness as the U.S. can't even host the Winter Olympic Games, it looks as though the Spirit of '76 is just more talk with no action.

I was in Europe when the Oslo and Cortina d'Ampezzo Olympics were held and never heard a peep out of local or national citizens about the cost of hosting the coveted winter sports festivals. They were mighty proud they could do it.

We might as well bury our heads in the rusty sports sands and let a good host or two have the opportunity to do it.

CLYDE T. REYNOLDS

Bethel, Vt.

Sirs:

As one of more than 530,000 Colorado citizens who voted against funding the Olympic Games, I thank you for Jerry Kirshenbaum's objective, forthright and to-the-point article on how and why the people of Colorado turned thumbs down on hosting the '76 Winter Games. Unless you have been in Colorado since election night, Nov. 7, you have no idea as to the degree of ridicule and scorn we, the majority, have been subjected to by the minority who wanted the Games. We have been called wethers and traitors by the press and liars and "bush" by the various talk shows on ra-

dio. We have been told that the majority of us who voted against the Games actually didn't know what we were doing because of the wording of the referendum. We have been told that we embarrassed the state of Colorado, not only in the eyes of the rest of the nation but in the eyes of the world.

Mr. Kirshenbaum's article clearly shows that we did vote with intelligence and for a purpose. Some of the disidents voted against the Olympics because of the exorbitant cost. Some voted against the Olympics because of the devastating effect on our ecology and growth pattern. Some like myself voted against the Olympics because we sincerely believe the Olympic philosophy is passé and outdated and that the Games since the end of World War II have been nothing but a worldwide stage for the propaganda machines of both East and West.

But the truth of the matter is that we were never physically set up to handle the Games, we were never organized to put on the Games in a decent manner and method, and our Denver Olympic Committee tried to pull the wool over the eyes of Colorado citizens. How sweet our victory would be if the citizens of Montreal would also realize how wane the Olympic Games are today.

SID LEVY

Denver

Sirs:

Your article very carefully sidestepped the issue. Seven columns of words attempted to cast blame on everyone in Colorado from Governor Love to the dry-land farmer. The defeat of the Olympics was not engineered by Colorado doorbell ringers but by the biased Olympic officials, the one-sided referees and the politically motivated athletes. If we could be assured of honest games to determine athletic abilities in the spirit of the original Olympics, our hospitality would have been overflowing. The sacred traditions of the Olympics were assassinated by the politicians—so don't blame us. We say, let the funeral for the Olympics begin in Colorado; bury the Games deep, the political stink is too much.

THOMAS G. VAN CAMP

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sirs:

I am a six-year resident of Colorado—transplanted from California (Californication!) and a sports buff. Why would I vote against the Olympics?

The pro-Olympic movement smelled of big-time mania. In exchange for several years of increased taxes, I would possibly have

continued

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## 15TH HOLE *continued*

had an opportunity to buy a \$10 ticket, drive a couple of hundred miles over snow-packed mountain passes, fight a huge crowd and see a few ski races. AHC does too good a job to make that alternative appealing.

The Olympics will be great for Colorado humans, we were told. Fine, then let the airlines, car-rental agencies, hotels and motels, restaurants and land agents invest in their future by footing the bill. Who else would really benefit?

Why is it necessary to build a whole new complex every four years? Why can't Sapporo and Grenoble exchange the Olympics every four years? Why can't different events be held in various locations? Alpine skiing at Vail, cross-country at Steamboat Springs, bobsled at Lake Placid, hockey at Madison Square Garden, ice-skating at the Forum in L.A.? If such separation would make international love affairs difficult for an East German bobsledder and an Australian figure skater, that's their price to pay, not mine.

Maybe I am really reacting to the hidden costs of being big time (Sam Schulman, Spencer Haywood, Jim McDaniels and John Bosker; Charlie O—Kansas City/Oakland; be a Cowboy fan and buy bonds—or stay home?). Tom Meschery is right—the game is still great, but is it worth the price?

DICK DIAN

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir:

Having visited the beautiful state of Colorado, I have only two words to say about the voters' decision to reject the '76 Olympics: thank God.

MICHAEL S. HANUSIK

Ciffside Park, N.J.

## SUGAR RAY

Sirs,

Thank you for the inspiring article on the real Sugar Ray Robinson ("The Best Year of My Life," Nov. 13). His Christian attitude and deep concern for the underprivileged show the true character of this great man. I believe life prepares each one of us to be of some service to our fellow man. If we all could get our eyes off ourselves and on our neighbor as Mr. Robinson has done, we would do a lot to help make this a better world.

JAY GRANT

Santa Ana, Calif.

## WOFFORD'S CONTRIBUTIONS

Sirs,

I read with interest your Nov. 13 SCORECARD item on the thrilling play of the Wofford College Terners, "the big-play team of small college football."

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*continued*

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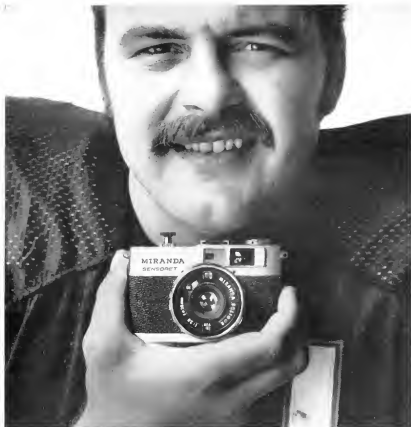
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the Dogs scored 27 touchdowns totaling 923 yards. The short test was one yard (there were four of these) and the longest 103. The average touchdown score was an incredible 34 yards, and two-thirds (18) of the scoring plays averaged 49 yards.

As play-by-play announcer of the Terriers, I can honestly say that I have never before witnessed as much exciting football in one season. The future looks even brighter for Coach Jack Peterson's gridgers, because the 1972 squad, which won five of its last six games, was made up primarily of underclassmen, including 25 freshmen and 13 sophomores.

WARNER FUSSELLA  
WORD Radio

Spartanburg, S.C.

Sirs:

As an alumnus and faculty member for 27 years, I have had a love affair with Wofford College and our beloved Terriers for half a century and have seen nearly all our home games for over 30 years. We do often make the big play. I recall one in my student days when one of our backs caught an opening kickoff five yards behind the goal line and went 105 yards for the score.

If you could have seen our last two games this year, you could have added a few notes to your list in the Nov. 13 SCORECARD. Playing Gardner-Webb, we scored early in the second quarter and they caught up with us in the last few minutes of the first half. It looked as if we were going into halftime with a 7-7 tie, but wait a minute. There were 19 seconds left on the clock. We took the kickoff at about the 20-yard line and returned it to the 40, with the seconds ticking away. Time for a pass play, and a G-W man tipped it into the arms of our split end, Skip Corn, who holds our all-time records for receiving yardage. He headed downfield like nobody's business with the G-W team in hot pursuit, but he outran them—all but one man who caught him on the five and was dragged over the goal line. Nineteen seconds, 80 yards to go, two plays and a score, and we went into the halftime ahead 14-7 and were never behind.

You may recall our 1969-70 season when we had a 20-game winning streak, won the Eastern NAIA title but had the misfortune to run into Texas A&M in the finals and they just overwhelmed us. Their quarterback went on to the Baltimore Colts; ours made Phi Beta Kappa and went to graduate school.

There is another unsung hero on our team this year: Tom Bower, a candidate for Little All-America, a defensive end who is all over the field tackling and blocking, intercepting passes and wreaking havoc in the enemy backfield. He has just made Phi Beta Kappa. Our freshman tailback, Ricky Satterfield, has just set a school record for rushing in one game, 212 yards.

Maybe we do not have too many athletic records, though we did have another undefeated season back in '69, but we have many grads who do so well in graduate and professional schools that we are better known for our academics—else what's a college for?

CHARLES F. NESBITT  
Professor Emeritus  
Wofford College

Spartanburg, S.C.

NO BOON AT THE TOP

Sirs:

I eagerly awaited the arrival of the Nov. 27 issue with your college basketball preview for the 1972-73 season. I enjoyed the introductory article by Curry Kirkpatrick with its three distinct references to the basketball triumphs (Paul Arizin and George Jareng) and tragedies (Howard Porter, vacated—1971) of my alma mater (Villanova, class of 1967). I searched in vain, however, through the entire scouting report section for a single reference to or assessment of the current edition of the Wildcats, and I must protest most vigorously this glaring oversight.

Villanova finished 15th in the nation in both wire service polls last year, went to a major tournament for the 11th straight year (not even UCLA can make that claim) and perennially plays one of the toughest schedules in the nation. Any team coached by Jack Kraft deserves some mention, and senior guard and floor leader Tom Inglesby (18.8 points per game last year) is worthy of a passing tip of the old fedora. Sophomore Billy Harris is also going to be heard from.

DAVID GRAMLING

Nashua, N.H.

Sirs:

Where is Ohio State? You have the absolute gall to place two Big Ten teams, Minnesota and Michigan, in your Top 20 while leaving out Ohio State. No one can operate under the basket like Luke Witte or bring the ball up the court and shoot like Allan Hornsby, at least not in the Big Ten. If you think that Ohio State won't have a vengeful year after its team was so wrongfully assaulted at Minnesota last year, you're crazy! Besides, with the possible exception of John Wooden, the Buckeyes have the best coach in the nation in Fred Taylor.

TOM WILLIAMS

Barberton, Ohio

Sirs:

Since Kentucky's basketball team placed in the top eight at the end of last season (defeating Marquette, whom you ranked No. 5), and its freshman team was undefeated last year, you owe Kentucky basketball fans an explanation of your process of selection

*continued*



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for your Top 20. Thank goodness other polls don't agree with you. Certainly everyone agrees with your first choice, UCLA, but what happened to you after that?

Gloria J. Griffith

Lexington, Ky.

Sirs:

I am not only confused about your failure to rank Pennsylvania in your Top 20, I am quite annoyed. Most of the polls show that the Quakers are the eighth or ninth best team in the nation. Why not you?

Peter Hart

Wynnewood, Pa.

Sirs:

I really cannot understand how you can rank Florida State No. 2 or Maryland No. 3 or even place Marquette in the No. 5 slot. With the best coach in basketball history and the finest center since Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, UCLA should be rated Nos. 1 through 5.

David Moore

Scotch Plains, N.J.

Sirs:

Thanks for further fine coverage of college basketball. It's about time that the University of Cincinnati Bearcats (No. 12) get the recognition they so richly deserve. They may not be as big as some teams, but they make up for it in speed, determination, desire and all-out hustle. Derek Dickey and Lloyd Buiss are as good a scoring combination as any.

Ray Schaeffer

Cincinnati

#### COMING UP

Sirs:

Give a gold star to Curry Kirkpatrick for his article on freshmen playing in the variety ranks of college basketball this season (*A Time To Bless the Beasts and Freshmen*, Nov. 27). I was only sorry that he didn't mention another of the freshman stars who came out of New York City. To overlook an athlete of the caliber of Rick Marsh, who is now playing for Nebraska, is to overlook one of the most talented freshmen in the nation. After all, when it comes to basketball, no town compares with New York.

Edward Frisica

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sirs:

It may be a time to bless the freshmen, but it is a little too late for "Get UCLA Time." To have altered the course of UCLA's basketball domination, the frosh should have been made eligible seven years ago, before the dynasty began. This would have changed UCLA's NCAA championship record from six to nine in a row. The myopic rule makers must have forgotten

continued

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## 19TH HOLE continued

that Lew Akinder also was a freshman once—in 1966, to be exact!

E. N. POMEROY

Harbor City, Calif.

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JIM KREIDER  
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Stevens, Pa.

## NAMES WORTH MENTIONING

Sirs:

Your article on the Miami Dolphins (*No Losses, No Ties and No Names*, Nov. 27) was a long time in coming. Since you last featured the Dolphins in the Aug. 7 issue, a mere 17 weeks ago, they have won 12 games and remain the only undefeated team in professional football. They also lead the NFL in defense and in least points allowed. They sewed up a place in the playoffs at the earliest point since 1961. They changed quarterbacks so smoothly, the team didn't feel the difference. They formed a three-back offense that leads the NFL in rushing and put their head coach into immortal ranks by giving him his last 10 victories for a record of 100 in less than 10 years of coaching.

As one of those "rude people waving handkerchiefs," as Tex Maule put it, I hope you won't be as slow to cover the Super Bowl when the Dolphins mop up their NFC opponent.

JOHN J. SPARKS JR.

Miami

Sirs:

I feel that the logic concerning the Dolphins is all messed up. There is no way to justify their supposed greatness, because they have indeed only whipped teams that have "wonless records that would not qualify them for the Fiesta Bowl." Being undefeated in this year's low-class AFC is no reason to rate the Dolphins with the classic teams of the past. And the teams they play from the NFC (e.g., the Cardinals) are no better. When the Dolphins prove they can win against teams like the Redskins, Cowboys, Packers, Lions or Vikings, then I'll believe they're a great team.

STEPHEN J. SCHIMM

Glenolden, Pa.

● The Dolphins beat the Vikings 16-14 on Oct. 1.—ED.

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